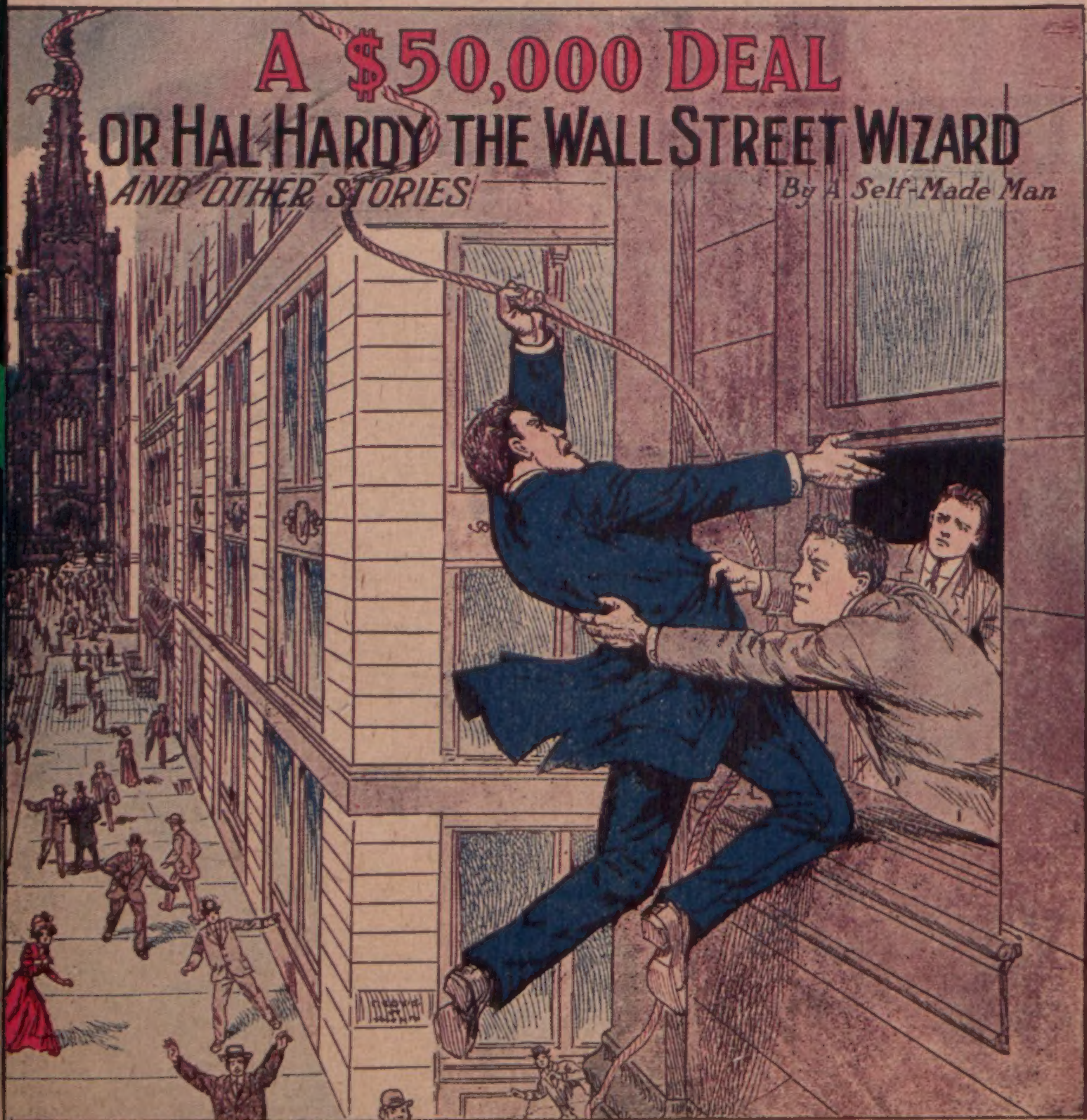


FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

A \$50,000 DEAL OR HAL HARDY THE WALL STREET WIZARD *AND OTHER STORIES*

By A Self-Made Man



Loud shouting in the street brought Hal to the window. Looking out, he saw a man dangling from a rope. "Help! Help!" cried the imperiled one in tones of terror. As Hal reached out and seized him the rope parted.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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A \$50,000 DEAL

Or, HAL HARDY THE WALL STREET WIZARD

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—A Daring Daylight Robbery.

"What a fine-looking boy! I wonder who he is?" said Nellie Price to her cousin, Bob Gleason, who was a Wall Street messenger, as the two stood on the corner of Wall and Nassau streets one morning about eleven.

"Why, that's Hal Hardy, the Wall Street Wizard!" said Bob.

"The Wall Street Wizard! Why do you call him that?"

"Because he's a regular wizard at working the stock market. Everything seems to come his way. A little while ago he was senior messenger for Slocom & Co., stock brokers; now he's got an office in the Redding Building and calls himself a broker. I'll introduce him to you. Here, Hal—Hal Hardy!" cried Bob.

Hal heard the hail and looked around. He saw his friend, Bob Gleason, in the company of a pretty and stylishly dressed young lady of about seventeen.

"Hello, Bob!" said Hal.

"Come over here, Hal," returned his friend.

Hal approached.

"Hal, I want to make you acquainted with my cousin. Miss Price—Mr. Hardy."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Price," said Hal, raising his hat.

Nellie bowed and smiled.

"I was telling Nell that you are called the Wall Street Wizard," said Bob.

"Do you really work the stock market, Mr. Hardy?" asked Miss Price innocently.

"Do I work it? Well, hardly."

"Why, my cousin Bob said you were a wizard at working it. That everything came your way."

"I admit that things have been coming my way, but that's because I happened to have a run of luck. It's rather unusual for a person to win a number of deals in succession like I have, that's why my friends in the Street have called me the Wall Street Wizard. If I were to lose two or three deals running they wouldn't call me a wizard any more."

"We'd call you an exploded hoodoo," grinned Bob. "Say, I've got to get back on the office. See my cousin to a Broadway car, will you, Hal? You're your own boss and have lots of time."

"I'll do so, with pleasure," said Hal.

"Good-by, Nell. I'll see you again in a short time."

With those words, Bob hurried away.

Bob says you have an office and are a broker," said the young lady, who was much taken with Hal.

"Yes, I have an office in the Redding Building, on the fifth floor, room 551. I'm not much of a broker yet—just making a start, but I hope to be a full-fledged one some day. If you have time I'll take you up and show you my office."

"Is it far from here?"

"Oh, no; about halfway down this block."

"Thank you, I would be pleased to see it, but I don't want to take up your time. Were you not going somewhere when my cousin called you?"

"I was going up to a little bank on Nassau street where I make my deals to collect some money the bank owes me, but there is plenty of time to do that. We'll go to my office if you say so."

Miss Price was willing, for she was curious to see what kind of an office the boy wizard had. The elevator took them up to the sixth floor, and then Hal showed the way to Room 551, at the end of the cross corridor. Opening the door, he invited her to step in. In one corner, screened off by herself, was a pretty but plainly dressed girl, rapidly manipulating the keys of a typewriter. A visitor would have supposed her to be Hal's stenographer, but that wasn't the fact, though she acted in a small way in that capacity for him.

She rented the nook she occupied from Hal, paying for the accommodation in services. The work she was turning out now was for a mining engineer in the office opposite. She also did work for two other tenants on that floor who did not require the steady services of a stenographer. Altogether, she managed to keep herself pretty well employed between the hours of ten and four, earning about fifteen dollars a week. Hal's desk was beside the other window and faced the Japanese screen which hedged the girl in. There was a handsome rug on the floor, a safe against the wall, near the desk, and a ticker within easy reach of the pivot chair. The walls were decorated with a number of water-color pictures in neat frames. Several chairs and a letter-file cabinet completed the furnishing of the room. It was a comfortable and businesslike office, and looked quite attractive to Miss Price. It seemed clear to her that Hal Hardy was no common boy, and she was right. No common boy would have branched out for himself in the way Hal had done. Nor would a common boy have been favored with Hal's run of luck, which was a combination of brains and good fortune.

"You have an attractive office here, Mr. Hardy," said Miss Price.

"It is nice enough, Miss Price, as far as it goes, which isn't very far when compared with the average broker's office. It answers my purpose all right, however. I don't need a suite of rooms to transact what little business I do. One of these days maybe I'll have to enlarge my quarters and gradually acquire a force of clerks like the trader I lately cut loose from, but one must creep before he walks. I have lots of time ahead of me, and am in no hurry. The more haste the less speed, you know. It is slow and steady that wins the race," replied Hal.

Miss Price acknowledged the logic of Hal's words with a smile.

"What an odd picture that is over your desk," she said, looking at it curiously. "A gentleman in fine clothes, with a silk hat, cutting the wool off a lamb, with a big pair of shears. Dear me! the lamb appears to be covered with dollar-marks. What does that mean?"

"Oh, it is merely suggestive of Wall Street. In what way?"

"The gentleman is supposed to be a broker. His name is Sharp. His methods are sharp, and his big shears are very sharp, indeed. The lambs represent a gullible speculator with a bunch of money. He has wandered into the broker's office, you see, and the broker is kindly relieving him of his winter overcoat—in other words, his bank roll, symbolized by the dollar-marks."

Miss Price laughed heartily at the whimsical idea.

"Do brokers really shear their customers that way? I think your picture is too hard on them," she said, with dancing eyes.

"A certain class of brokers do, just the same as you will find men in all branches of business who sit up nights trying to see how they can overreach their patrons. You must not take that picture as a reflection on brokers as a body. It would be unfair to them. I had it drawn by an artist friend for the traders who occasionally drop in to see me to laugh at. I assure you they appreciate the humor of the drawing very much, indeed," said Hal.

"I see," said Miss Price. "It was clever of you to think of such a thing."

Miss Price remained a quarter of an hour, and then the young broker escorted her to Broadway and put her on a car, receiving from her a warm invitation to call on her at her home, which Hal promised to avail himself of. As he started down Broadway he saw Bob Gleason hustling toward a certain bank with a black bag in his hand, in which he daily carried there the firm's deposits. As it was not yet noon, Hal knew he was not engaged in his regular mission. From the weight of the bag it was not improbable that he was carrying a load of gold that had come into the office that morning, and which the cashier wanted to get to the bank right away. The bag was attached to Bob also by means of a long strap which went around his shoulder. Hal hurried forward to address Bob before he ran into the bank which was close at hand. At that moment two men right ahead closed suddenly in on Bob. Owing to the crowd of people passing in both directions their action was not noticeable until they grabbed the boy and rushed him over to the curb. There he received a clout on the head which staggered him. The bag was quickly torn

from his person and chucked into a waiting cab, the driver of which immediately whipped up and started down the street. The two men lost themselves in the crowd and not a hand was raised by the thunderstruck onlookers to stay their progress. Hal saw the whole thing, and instead of running up to his friend he started down Broadway, like a deer, after the receding cab.

CHAPTER II.—Hal Recovers the Bag.

Ordinarily he could hardly have hoped to overtake it, but he took chances on it being impeded by the rush of traffic on the lower thoroughfare. He had lost sight of the cab in the maze of vehicles, but he had a picture of it in his mind's eye, and had no fear of mistaking it for any other one. The driver wore a slouched hat, and the side of the cab itself bore a long scratch it had received in a recent collision. He sighted the cab again as it turned to the right of Bowling Green Park, just below Beaver street. The driver was aiming for Battery place, a short street which faced Battery Park on the north, running to West street. Hal was close behind the cab when it reached Battery place. The driver was not paying attention to anything behind him.

The cab and Hal came together at No. 1 Broadway, in front of the Bowling Green Building, the main entrance of which was a few doors above. The vehicle, like many of its kind, had two straps hanging from behind to which trunks were sometimes attached when they could not be taken up on the seat beside the driver. With a spring, the athletic Hal seized the straps as the cab halted momentarily to avoid a loaded truck headed for State street, swung himself up and planted his feet on the support underneath. So the cab dashed on through Battery place, with the young broker clinging on behind in a rather undignified way. It turned up Washington street, Hal getting a good jolting as it swung around the corner. The way was clearer here, and the driver whipped up.

And so the cab rushed up Washington street at a varying pace, according to the conditions encountered. Finally it reached Cortland street and turned toward the ferry. It went slower, because there were many vehicles in the way. Hal surmised that the man who had the stolen bag, or perhaps the whole outfit, was going across the river. He would then be in another State, and that would be a great advantage to him. Hal determined he should not get across to New Jersey if he could help it. A policeman stood on the corner, trying to kill time. Hal dropped off and rushing up to him, hurriedly told his story. By that time the cab was halfway across West street, but was blocked by a line of trucks that had come to a stop. The cop seemed only partially convinced that what Hal said was true.

"You must arrest him," insisted the boy, "or he is liable to escape with the bag."

The officer said that Hal's word, even backed by his business card, was not enough to induce him to arrest a man on the public highway without a warrant.

"All right. Then you watch me cause a disturbance that will compel you to interfere and take us all to the police station," said Hal.

He darted off, followed by the policeman's eyes. Rushing up to the door of the cab, he pulled it open and looked in.

"What do you want?" demanded the man inside, turning a pair of jet-black eyes on the young broker. His complexion was dark, and he had a long, drooping black mustache. He sat back in the far corner and held the black bag on his knee. As success depended on action, Hal wasted no breath on a reply. He reached forward and shoved his fist suddenly in the man's face. As he expected, the rascal put up both hands to defend himself. Hal immediately grabbed the bag and jumped out of the cab. The man was after him in a moment. Hal didn't go far because he ran into the arms of the policeman.

"Hold on to him, officer! He's a thief! He has just stolen that bag of mine!"

Thus cried the man of the cab.

"Take us both to the station-house, officer," said Hal, "and then this matter will be cleared up."

The policeman, in view of Hal's story, decided that would be the proper thing to do, so with one hand on the boy's arm he told the man to come along with them. That was not to the man's liking, and he protested that he was in a rush to cross the river. All he wanted was to get back his bag.

"It's got to go to the station-house with the boy, and you'll have to come if you want to recover it," said the policeman.

The fellow felt that he was in a serious dilemma. He suspected that Hal knew something about the robbery of the messenger on Broadway, though he could not understand how the boy had, in that case, traced him to the ferry. If he went to the station-house, the visit might result in his own arrest. Better lose the bag than be pinched, so instead of following the policeman, he made a rush up West street and disappeared in the crowd of pedestrians on the sidewalk. The policeman did not stop him.

"Who does this bag belong to?" asked the policeman.

"Thompson & Talley, stock brokers, No. — Wall street."

"It contains money, I suppose?"

"From its weight I should say there was over \$10,000 in gold in it, but I have no real knowledge about what is in it," said Hal. "I was a broker's messenger a while ago, myself, and on the strength of that I'm giving you my guess. The boy from whom it was forcibly taken was heading for the — National Bank. In fact, the theft happened in front of the bank itself on Broadway. Had I been a little nearer at the time, I might have prevented the job."

"Then you followed the cab to West street? You were pretty spry to keep it in sight for over a mile," said the policeman.

Hal explained that the cab had brought him, hanging on behind, the greater part of the way. The officer now fully believed Hal's story, and he asked him not to make any complaint against him on account of the thief's escape.

"I have no wish to get you in trouble," said Hal, "so I won't volunteer anything that will hurt you. The man is gone, and to have you called down won't do any good. Tell your own story and make the best excuse you can for the fellow's escape. I can give a pretty good de-

scription of him, and he may be captured later on. It was too bad he got away, but I don't blame you under the circumstances."

Hal and the officer entered the station-house and the black bag was placed on the desk. The young broker then told the story of the robbery. The policeman at the desk called the captain and the story was repeated to him. He communicated by phone with headquarters and learned that the case had just been reported. Hal suggested that Thompson & Talley be called up and told that the bag had been recovered. The captain did this, stating the particulars leading up to the recovery. He asked Mr. Thompson, who was on the wire, if he knew Hal Hardy. The broker said he knew him as a former messenger for Slocom & Co., and believed he was in business for himself in the Redding Building, in Wall Street. This coincided with Hal's business card, and so the captain had no doubt the boy was the person he represented himself to be. Hal was allowed to go, and he started at once for Wall street.

CHAPTER III.—Golden Giant Mine.

He went straight to Thompson & Talley's office and asked to see the senior partner. Bob was out at the time, and he did not see him. He was immediately admitted to Thompson's room.

"Take a seat, Hardy," said the broker. "I learned over the wire that you were instrumental in getting back our bag with the gold. We are under great obligations to you. Let me hear your story."

Hal told him all the facts.

"Upon my word, it is fortunate you were on the scene where the robbery occurred. But for your alertness the thieves would have got away with their plunder. There was close on to \$15,000 in gold in that bag, which our messenger was taking to the — National Bank to deposit. You are a pretty smart boy. You shall lose nothing by it, I assure you."

"You are welcome, Mr. Thompson. The only thing I regret is that the cop did not arrest the man who carried the bag off in the cab when he had the chance to do so."

"Yes, it is too bad; but I suppose it can't be helped. We shall offer a reward for his arrest if the detectives fail to land him soon."

Hal then took his leave and dropped in at his office before going to the little bank which he had originally started for, two hours before. He opened his desk and started to read a Western newspaper. Among other things he saw the account of the discovery of a new lead in an old mine which had been practically abandoned and then taken over by new owners, who pushed a new tunnel in a fresh direction and found the ledge of quartz. Thus the stock of the old mine, which was much scattered and of which a great many shares had been sold for unprofitable development purposes, had unexpectedly acquired a real value. Those who had held on to it in the hope that some day the mine might pan out, now had reason to congratulate themselves.

A considerable quantity of the stock had been sold in the East, the article said, and the writer presumed that mining brokers would buy as much

of it up at bargain rates as they could secure before the public heard about the ore find. The name of the mine was the Golden Giant, and Hal had 10,000 shares lying in his safe which he had bought a year since from a seedy man for a \$5 bill. At that time the whole block wasn't worth the price he paid for the certificates, and he only took them because the man was in real need. He immediately telephoned a well-known mining broker, and asked him if the stock was being bid for on the Curb; if so, what was offered for it?

"Have you got any?" asked the broker.

"Yes."

"How many shares."

"Ten thousand."

"I'll give you twenty-five cents a share for the lot."

"I'll consider your offer and let you know."

At that moment there came a knock on the door.

"Come in!" said Hal.

The door opened and admitted a little woman, with a sad but sweet face. She was poorly dressed but neat, and appeared to be in straightened circumstances.

"I'd like to see the broker," she said, in a low voice.

"I'm the broker, madam. Take a seat."

"I have some mining stock I'd like to sell if I can get anything for it," she said.

"Yes, madam. What is the name of the stock?"

"It is called the Golden Giant mine. My husband said it wasn't worth anything, but I thought I'd bring it down and see."

"The Golden Giant!" said Hal, in some surprise. "How much of it have you?"

"I haven't counted it, but I have quite a number of certificates."

She opened her bag and took out a fat bundle. Hal looked over the certificates and found there was 100, representing 10,000 shares.

"You have 10,000 shares here, and I bought the same number a year ago for \$5, and have kept them in my safe ever since. At no time could I have got the \$5 which I paid for them," said Hal.

"Then they are worth nothing?" said the woman, her face showing her disappointment.

"I don't say they are worth nothing at this moment, but a week ago you could not have given them away."

"If I could get a cent a share for them—that would be \$100, the money would help us greatly," she said.

"Suppose that instead of a cent I offered you five cents?" said Hal.

"It would be a little fortune to us, for we are sadly in debt and know not which way to turn. But surely you would not offer as much as that."

"No, madam, I would not offer you five cents when by so doing I should defraud you of a large part of their present market value. Madam, let me congratulate you on your forethought in refraining from destroying these certificates at a time when they were really worthless. To-day, owing to the unexpected finding of a ledge of ore in the mine, the shares have acquired a very respectable value for mining shares. Before you came in, I received an offer by telephone

of twenty-five cents a share for those I own myself."

"Twenty-five cents a share!" she said, hardly believing her ears.

"Yes, madam. I declined the offer on the chance that the price will go higher. If you will take that for them, I will sell them for you, or I might take them off your hands myself and hold them, at my own risk, for a higher price. Or you can sell me 2,000 shares and I will pay you \$500 and hold the other 8,000 for you for a higher price. Suit yourself."

"You will give me \$500 for 2,000 shares?"

"Yes, or \$2,500 for all of them."

The visitor seemed quite overcome.

"You offer me so much money as that after I told you I would sell them to you for \$100?"

"Yes, madam. Respectable brokers do not take advantage of the ignorance of their customers. If you accept my offer for the whole batch I will deduct only my regular commission of one cent a share, or \$100."

"I will accept your offer, but so much money dazes me. You are an honest broker, and may Heaven bless you for not taking advantage of me," she said.

Hal made out the order for her to sign, then he went to his safe and took out \$2,400, which he handed to her, taking her receipt for the money.

CHAPTER IV.—Little Red Riding Hood.

Next morning the Golden Giant was bid for on the Curb at 40 cents. Hal sold 10,000 shares in lots of 1,000 at that price. He subsequently disposed of the other 10,000 shares at a couple of cents more. After a week or two Golden Giant settled down to 25 cents, and remained at that figure, fluctuating a few cents either way. A few days later Hal learned that a number of big brokers had combined to try and corner A. & B. and then boost the price. Finding that his information was accurate, he went to the little bank and putting up a margin of \$10,000, bought 1,000 shares. The stock was then going at 88. With such a valuable piece of inside information, Hal wished he had ten times as much money to invest. However, he had no cause to find fault, because he had no more funds. He was a mighty lucky boy to be worth what he was. He made a practice of buying his afternoon paper of a little girl who stood on the corner of Nassau and Wall streets. She was the only newsgirl in the financial district, and on that account was generally patronized by the brokers.

When she first appeared in the neighborhood her presence was resented by the boys, who all objected to a newcomer on their stamping ground and they annoyed her in one way or another and tried to prevent her from doing business. She had pluck and refused to be intimidated. Although poorly attired, her clothes were neat as a new pin, and her pretty face, peeping from the folds of a red hood, attracted the attention of customers. Bob Gleason nicknamed her "Little Red Riding Hood," and some newsboy, hearing him so address her, called her that himself, and soon all the kids in the street called her by that name. The newsboys finally got used to her and let her alone, and some of them even got into

the habit of helping her out with papers when she ran short of any particular one, just as they did with each other.

Things were beginning to go nicely with her when a tough lad, named Micky Sweeney, who worked for the Maritime Exchange, took a notion to try and make her acquaintance. Micky wasn't the kind of a boy to attract the softer sex, so he found that Little Red Riding Hood, whose name was Ruby French, had no use for him. As Sweeney didn't relish the idea of a girl turning him down, he determined to get back at her. When he passed her he'd jostle her in a rude way and guy her in insulting terms. Sometimes she'd resent his conduct by telling him what she thought of him; at other times she took no notice of him. This went on for a while, and then Sweeney saw he wasn't gaining much by this line of action. One morning when it had been raining he came by and deliberately jerked the bundle of papers out of her basket onto the wet pavement. That was carrying matters rather far, but there was little that Sweeney wasn't capable of doing. It happened that Hal was coming along when he did the trick, and as he walked off, with a triumphant grin, the young broker hurried forward and grabbed him.

"What did you do that for, Micky Sweeney?" he demanded.

"What yer talkin' about?" snarled the messenger, facing around.

"You know what I'm talking about. Go back and pick up those papers and clean off those that are soiled," said Hal.

"I will, like fun! What yer take me for?" returned Sweeney.

"You do as I tell you, do you understand?" said Hal firmly.

"Naw, I won't!"

"I'll bet you will."

He seized the messenger with both hands and forced him, struggling, back to the corner where Ruby had, with the help of two newsboys, recovered most of her papers. Several were very wet and muddy and practically unsalable.

"Here's the young rascal who did the damage, Ruby," said Hal. "I was going to force him to pick up your papers, but I see you've got them all. How many are spoiled?"

"Those six," she replied, flashing an indignant look at Sweeney.

"Pay her for those six, Sweeney," said Hal.

"Naw, I won't pay for not'in'," said the messenger, with sullen defiance.

"All right; I'll have you arrested for malicious mischief. There's a policeman coming down the block now. I'll see that your prosecuted, too, and sent to the Island," said Hal, in a determined tone.

Sweeney made a violent struggle to escape, but the young broker held him fast.

"Pay up, or take the consequences," said Hal.

"I ain't got no money!" whined the tough messenger.

"So much the worse for you, for you'll go right to jail."

As the policeman was drawing nearer every moment, Sweeney threw up the sponge, pulled out six pennies and threw them on the sidewalk.

"Take dem!" he snarled.

"You can go now, but I warn you if I hear of

you molesting this little girl again I'll report you to the officer on the beat. Now get out!" and Hal released the tough lad.

"I'll get square wit' you for dis, see if I don't!" snarled Sweeney. "You t'ink 'cause yer puttin' up a bluff as a broker and wear better clo's dan me dat yer kin walk on me neck. Yer can't do not'in' of de kind. Ye're not'in' but a big stuff, anyway, and I'll fix yer at de fust chance!"

Having thus relieved his feelings, Sweeney walked away, with a scowl on his countenance. Ruby thanked Hal for his intercession in her favor and pocketed the pennies which the newsboys picked up and handed to her.

"You're welcome, Ruby. If he bothers you again, I want you to let me know, and I'll have him attended to," said Hal.

"I hope he won't," said the newsgirl, "for I don't want to give you any trouble on my account."

"It won't be any trouble for me to see that you are not imposed upon by a young ruffian like him. He's afraid of me. I gave him a good whipping once on New street, when I was a messenger, and he hasn't forgotten it, I guess. He said, then, he would get square with me, but that was eight months ago, and he hasn't tried to do anything. A barking dog doesn't bite, as a rule," laughed Hal. "Good-by!"

That day A. & B. advanced to 90, and the next day it went to 93. While Hal was watching the ticker in his office Bob came in with a note.

"Why, hello, Bob!" said Hal.

"Hello yourself! Here's a note from my boss, Mr. Thompson."

"I wonder what he has to say to me," said Hal, tearing open the envelope.

The note briefly informed the young broker that the police had notified Thompson & Talley that they believed they had captured the man who carried the black bag in the cab as far as the Cortlandt street ferry, and that an officer had been sent to bring Hardy to headquarters to see if he could identify the man. Hal told Bob the substance of the note.

"Think you can pick him out of a crowd?" asked Bob.

"Yes. I've got his face and figure photographed on my memory."

"That cop was a dope to let the fellow get away when he had him within reach."

"No, he wasn't. He only had my word that the man was a crook, and he didn't feel that he could arrest him on that."

"Well, you did mighty well to recover the bag even without catching the man."

"Yes, I think I did."

"Thompson has a pretty high opinion of you since that afternoon."

"You haven't suffered any for losing the bag."

"Talley gave me a raking over about it. He thinks I was careless."

"Refer him to me and I'll tell him that you couldn't help losing it under the circumstances. I saw the whole thing, you know."

"It's all right now. If they had lost that gold I would probably have been fired."

"Then I may have saved you your job."

"I guess you did, and I'm much obliged to you for the interest you took in the matter. I doubt

if one other person in that crowd would have done what you did had you not been there."

"They would have had to be as lively on their pins as I am to have made a success of it. I barely succeeded, and I took chances at that."

"Any answer for me to take back?"

"Yes."

Hal wrote a reply, saying that he was glad to hear that the man had probably been captured, and that he would go with the officer when he came for him. He handed the note to Bob and that lad departed. Fifteen minutes later the policeman appeared, stated his errand, and Hal put on his hat and accompanied him to headquarters. After a short delay, Hal was taken into a room where a dozen men were drawn up in line and he was told to see if he could pick his man out. He looked along the line and indicated the sixth man.

"You are sure that is the chap?" said the officer in charge of the proceedings.

"Yes, that's the man."

"All right. That's the man we arrested. He will probably have a preliminary examination before the magistrate to-morrow. An officer will be sent for you when you are wanted."

Hal then returned to his office. When he looked at the ticker he saw that A. & B. was up to 96. At noon next day it was up to 93 3-8, and Hal sold out. He cleared just \$10,000 on the deal, which doubled his capital.

CHAPTER V.—The Huckleberry Road.

Hal appeared at the crook's examination next day. So did Bob, with Mr. Talley. The prisoner had given his name as Martin Daly. A cheap lawyer appeared in his behalf. Bob went on the stand first and in a few words told how he had been robbed.

"Do you recognize the prisoner as one of the men who robbed you?"

"I do not."

"Did you see the prisoner there at all?"

Bob had to admit that he had not seen him.

"That's all," said the lawyer.

Then Hal took the witness chair. He told about seeing the robbery pulled off and the bag handed to a man in the cab, which they drove off. He described how he followed the cab to the corner of Broadway and Battery place, where he jumped on the back of the vehicle and was carried to the Cortlandt street ferry, or, rather, opposite to it. There he had appealed to a policeman to arrest the man, after telling him the facts, but the officer did not think his word sufficient to act on. He then told how he got possession of the bag, and found it in the hands of the prisoner, who was in the cab. When the officer, who was not able to pass on the merits of the case, told the prisoner to accompany them to the station, he ran away and escaped.

"How do you know the prisoner was the man in question?" asked the lawyer.

Hal explained how he could not be mistaken. The lawyer tried to mix him up, but failed. The black bag was produced as an exhibit in the case, and Hal identified it. The policeman who figured in the case was called. He corroborated Hal's story as far as it had come under his ob-

servation, and identified the prisoner as the man who had been in the cab and who at first claimed the bag as his property and wanted the boy arrested for taking it from him. He said the prisoner ran away when asked to go to the station-house and back up his statements. Mr. Talley identified the bag as the property of the firm, and said there was \$14,500 in gold coin in it. He was asked to open the bag. He did so, and the magistrate saw rolls of coin. One was opened to show that it was gold. Each roll contained \$500 in \$20. pieces and was so stamped on the outside. The rolls were counted and corresponded to the sum stated. The bag was relocked and taken charge of by the police, Mr. Talley keeping the key. The magistrate held the prisoner for the grand jury. That closed the proceedings and the witnesses returned to Wall street. Hal went back to his office.

In the course of half an hour Broker Halpin walked in.

"Hello, Hardy! How are things?"

"I've no kick coming."

"Doing any speculating on your own account?"

"Sometimes."

"Well, I can put you on to a good thing."

"What is it?"

"You've heard of the Huckleberry Road, haven't you?"

"Yes. It's an independent branch line between the O. & G. and G. & C."

"That's right. I've got it from an inside source that the G. & C. is about to take it over and make it a regular part of its system."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. You want to lose no time in getting hold of some of the stock of you can. You'll double your money on every share you buy."

"I suppose you've been loading up yourself?"

"I've bought all I could pay for. There's some left, but I haven't the least idea where you'll find it. I am giving you the tip so that you can hunt some up for yourself. I'll guarantee you won't regret doing so."

"Thank you, Mr. Halpin. Have a cigar."

The broker remained a while and then went away. Hal called Thompson & Talley up on the phone.

"Do you know anybody who has any Huckleberry stock for sale?" Hal asked.

"We've got 1,000 shares, but our customer wants two points above the market for it, so I haven't tried to sell it yet," said Thompson.

"I'll take it if you buy it for my account on margin. I'll bring the money right over."

"All right. It's yours," said Thompson.

Hal got \$10,000 out of his safe and went over to Thompson & Talley's office. The deal was made at 62.

"If you want any more, I think Moses Pollack has some. His office is in the Johnstone Building," said Thompson.

Hal went to see Pollack.

"Got any Huckleberry shares, Mr. Pollack?" said Hal, on getting an audience with the broker.

"Haf I got some Huckleberry shares? Vat you gif for dem?"

"The market price."

"I can't sell dem less dan 61. How many shares you vant?"

"I'll give you 60 1-2 for any part of 1,000."

"You gif me 60 and von half? I make it 60 3-4 if you take 1,200, all dat I haf."

"I'll take the 1,200 at 60 1-2. That's the best I can do."

"I vill make it 5-8. Dat is making you a present of my profits."

"All right. I won't stand on an eighth."

"You haf the cash with you?"

"No. I want to buy on ten per cent. margin."

"Dat vill cost you \$12,000 deposit."

"I'll bring the money right over to you."

"Very good. I wait for you."

In fifteen minutes Hal was back with the money and the deal was put through. As Pollack handed him his memorandum his telephone bell rang.

"Vell, vell, vat is it?" said the broker, putting the receiver to his ear.

There was a pause.

"No, I just sold all I haf on hand," said Pollack.

Another pause.

"Vat's dat? You would haf given me 62?"

Still another pause.

"You vill gif dat? Vell, I see vat I can do," and he hung up the receiver.

Turning to Hal, he said:

"I gif you \$500 if you call de Huckleberry deal off."

The young broker shook his head.

"I wouldn't take \$5,000," he said.

"For vy not?"

"Because I'm not letting a good thing get away from me."

"Vat you mean by a good t'ing?"

"The Huckleberry Road has been acquired by the G. & C., and the price will boom probably ten points when the news has been confirmed."

Pollack gave a gasp.

"How you know all dis?"

"Oh, I heard it a little while ago."

"You t'ink it vill go up ten points?"

"You ought to know whether it will or not, under the circumstances."

"Vat a fool I vas to shell you dat stock! You vill make all de profit vat I ought to haf. Maybe you let me in on it, eh?"

"No, I couldn't think of it, but there is nothing to stop you going out and trying to find some of it for yourself."

"Yes, yes, I vill do dat at once. It vill go up ten points, you say? Vy didn't I know dot before you bought me out?"

Hal said good-by and left the broker putting on his hat with the evident intention of trying to find some Huckleberry for himself.

called on Thompson & Talley and ordered the 1,200 shares sold. Then he went around to Pollack's office.

"Sell those 1,200 shares of Huckleberry, Mr. Pollack."

"Yes, yes, I sell dem right away. Vat a lucky poy you vas! You valk in here and take more dan t'irteen t'ousand dollars' profit out of my pocket! Some day you vill be vorth a million," said the broker, who felt very sore over the deal he had made with Hal. "De boys nowadays know more as much as de men. It vas a pity dat I lose so much profit out of my business."

When both brokerage firms made a settlement with him, Hal found himself richer by \$23,500.

Hal got several orders from out-of-town customers in the first mail next morning, and after entering them in his book he took them down to Broker Halpin on the floor below to execute for him.

"Have you sold out those Huckleberry shares you were so fortunate as to pick up?" asked Halpin.

"I sold them yesterday and cleaned up a profit of \$23,500. I am under great obligations to you for the tip, Mr. Halpin."

"Don't mention it. I didn't expect you would be able to find more than two or three hundred shares at the outside."

"Well, you see, I'm a Wall Street Wizard, and when I want anything to come my way I make a few passes in the air, mutter some magical words in Latin or some other dead language, and, presto! I have what I want," laughed Hal.

"You don't say! I know we have a number of financial wizards in the Street, but I didn't know you were endowed in that direction. You told me that you bought 1,200 shares of Pollack. He must have felt sore when the price took such a jump."

"He did. He told me yesterday that I robbed him of over \$13,000 profit."

"Pollack can stand that. He's worth a quarter of a million."

"I guess he knows how to hold on to it, too."

Hal handed in his orders and Halpin took them out to his margin clerk. While he was away there was a commotion in the street below. Loud shouting in the street brought Hal to the window. Looking out, he saw a man dangling from a rope.

"Help! Help!" cried the imperilled one, in tones of terror.

As Hal reached out and seized him, the rope parted. His weight came on the boy's arms, but the young broker braced himself and helped the man in at the window. He proved to be an artisan who was mending a broken window cornice above. He had been suspended from an upper window by the rope. In some way the rope got loose and dropped him to the level with Broker Halpin's window, then the rope gave way altogether. Had Hal not been in the room at the time, the man would have been dashed to death on the pavement below. Truly, he had had a narrow escape, and he was very grateful to the boy for saving his life. Halpin was astonished to learn what had happened during his absence.

"Your abilities as a wizard must extend to life-saving, for that was a most remarkable rescue you made," said the broker.

CHAPTER VI.—A Spectacular Rescue.

Broker Pollack didn't get any Huckleberry stock. While he was looking for it, the news of the acquisition of the road by the G. & C. leaked out and began to circulate around Wall Street very quickly. When the rumor reached the Exchange the Huckleberry stock began to rise on the strength of it. It went up five points and then halted. Next day the news was confirmed and a rush took place to buy the stock. The scramble sent it up seven points more. Hal

"Oh, everything I do is out of the common, or I wouldn't be a real wizard, you know," chuckled Hal.

"I must admit that you have pulled off some astonishing stunts—the way you saved that bag of gold—belonging to Thompson & Talley; for instance," said Halpin.

"I ought to change the sign on my door to read, 'Hal Hardy, the Wall-Street Wizard,' instead of 'Hal Hardy, Stocks and Bonds'; it would attract a lot more attention, don't you think?"

"It certainly would. This incident will surely be reported for the afternoon papers, and you'll be in the limelight again."

"I wouldn't mind how often I got in the limelight if it would attract a few more customers to my shop."

Hal went back to his office and told Bessie Finch all about the thrilling incident.

"How fortunate for that man that you were at the window when he fell!" she said.

"Yes, and I was equally fortunate in having a good hold inside of the window, otherwise, when his entire weight came on my arms, he might have pulled me out and carried me down with him," said Hal.

"That would have been terrible," she replied, with a shudder.

Hal was engaged with a financial weekly when the door opened and a bright-looking young man came in.

"Are you Mr. Hardy?" he asked.

"Yes," said Hal.

"I am a reporter for the ——. I called to get a few particulars about the rescue you made from the window of Broker Halpin's office," the visitor said.

"Have you interviewed Mr. Halpin?"

"Yes."

"Then you ought to have secured all the facts."

"But he wasn't in the room when you caught the man as the rope broke."

"I know it; but I told him all about the incident."

"It is always better to get information first hand, so if you have no objection I would like to hear the story from you."

"Oh, very well," and Hal told him the facts.

The reporter asked him a few questions, thanked him, and withdrew. The incident had drawn a crowd, as Hal had seen, and attracted a great deal of attention in Wall street. The crowd had dispersed, but quite a number of curious people hovered around on the other side of the way and looked up at the window where the rescue was made. The incident reached the Exchange and was the talk of the brokers, but none of them knew that the episode had happened just outside Broker Halpin's window, or that Hal Hardy, the young broker, was the chief actor in the affair. It was not until the next edition of an afternoon paper came out and the newsboys began crying out about the accident that the facts became generally known in Wall Street.

CHAPTER VII.—In the Slums.

Hal went for lunch that day to the Empire Cafe, which was a regular hang-out for brokers. They dropped in there for a light lunch between

twelve and three, unless there were important doings at the Exchange, and for drinks at all hours before the Wall Street district was deserted by them for the day. When Hal entered he found the place fairly crowded. He sat down at a table in a corner and ordered what he wanted. The hour was two, which was late for the young broker. He ate his meal, picked up his check and sauntered toward the cashier's desk. As he passed a group of four men, who appeared to be brokers, he heard one of them say: "You'll make no mistake, Smith, if you get in on L. & M. I'll guarantee it will go up ten points in a week."

Hal passed out of hearing, paid his check, and got out on the street. What he had heard somewhat impressed him, and he thought about it all the way back to his office. He looked up the record of L. & M. for a month back and found that it was now at low-water mark.

"Seems to me it is not likely to go much lower. It is a good stock, and generally runs five or six points higher than it is now," he thought.

Finally he decided to buy a couple of thousand shares and see how he would come out. He had \$45,000 lying idle, and he guessed it was about time that some of it was put to work. He took \$20,000 and walked in to see Halpin.

"I'm going to make a deal on my own account, Mr. Halpin," he said.

"What is it?" asked the broker.

"I want you to buy me 2,000 L. & M., on margin."

"Expect it will rise, eh?"

"It's selling five points below what it did a month ago, and for some time before that. It ought to go back to 80. I see no reason why it shouldn't. The market is beginning to pick up."

"Well, you can't tell. Still, I consider it a safe venture, though you may have to hold it for a month to realize a profit."

So the deal was made and Hal returned to his office. Next day when he went to lunch he missed Little Red Riding Hood from her post, and asked a newsboy where she was.

"Dunno, boss; she ain't showed up to-day," was the reply.

When Hal went home the girl was still missing and he bought his paper from one of the boys. Next day Ruby was still missing, and Hal began to think she must be sick. An inquiry among the newsboys developed the fact that she lived in a poor locality somewhere off Rivington street, but none of the boys knew the name of the street, as Ruby had not given out where she lived. Hal hoped Ruby hadn't quit her post for good, for he had taken a certain interest in her and the corner looked bare without her and her basket. That day L. & M. went up a point. When Hal got back from lunch he found several letters on his desk that had been left by the postman. One of them was addressed in a girlish hand, and his curiosity induced him to open it first. Looking at the signature, he was surprised to see that it was signed "Ruby French." The note stated that Ruby's grandmother, with whom she was living, was very ill. That was the reason why she had been obliged to give up her newspaper business for the time being. Her source of income having stopped, their money was now all gone. As she needed medicine for her

grandmother, and some food for them both, she thought she would ask Hal to lend her \$2 for a couple of weeks. If he would do her that favor, he could send it to her by one of the newsboys named Billy West, who lived not a great way from the tenement where she and her grandmother had their two rooms. She inclosed her address for him to give the boy.

Hal decided that instead of sending \$2 by the newsboy he would call in person and help Ruby and her grandmother more than \$2 worth. Accordingly, when he left his office at half-past four he started for Rivington street. The street runs from the Bowery to the East River, and the cross street on which Ruby lived was not far from the docks. Hal took an elevated train at Hanover Square and went as far as Houston street station, two blocks above Rivington. He judged he would save some steps by going down Stanton street, so he did so. It took some inquiry to find the house he was looking for. It was five stories high, on a par with other tenements on either side.

A narrow and dirty hallway, the door of which was always open and which formed a thoroughfare to a narrow yard in the rear, which separated it from another tenement more squalid and disreputable than the front one. A dark and narrow staircase pointed the way to the floors above. Hal started up to the squeaky refrain of the stairs, which had lost their stolidity under the tramp of a million footsteps or more, probably more. He had to go to the top of the house, and that meant four flights to be surmounted.

When he reached the top floor he made for the door at the rear of the landing, as Ruby's letter directed. There were three other doors, showing that each floor accommodated four different tenants. He knocked. Whether his knock had any peculiarity to it or not, certainly it attracted attention from persons for whom it was not intended. Two doors opened almost simultaneously and two disheveled female heads were protruded to see who was there. Though the light was not good, the women easily made out a well-dressed stranger, and their wonder and curiosity was excited, particularly the latter, for the Frenches were not in the habit of having visitors of any kind, much less those above the grade of the house itself.

Hal did not relish the inspection he was forced to stand, but it only lasted a moment or two, for Ruby appeared at her door and uttered a surprised ejaculation on recognizing the young broker. It was clear she was a bit embarrassed.

"I got your letter, Ruby," said Hal, "and I concluded to call myself, as I thought it would be better for you."

"Come in," said the girl, seeing the two women eyeing them curiously, and the boy walked into a poorly furnished but fairly clean living room.

"You mustn't mind me coming here, Ruby," said Hal, after the door was shut. "You asked me for the loan of two dollars. What's two dollars when you have a sick grandmother on your hands which prevents you from going out and earning the money you need so badly? I came because I take a friendly interest in you, and I wish to help you and your grandmother."

Ruby looked at him steadily, her eyes shining like twin stars.

"You wish to help us, Mr. Hardy?" she said. "And yet how little you know about us!"

"I know you are a good, industrious girl, Ruby. Isn't that enough?"

"No. You only know me as a newsgirl. You must have thought me very cheeky to write you that letter—you who are almost a stranger to me. I—I did it for my grandmother's sake. I would have died before I would have begged a cent for myself. But we had no money and—I couldn't let grandma die for want of the medicine the doctor said she must have. And so I wrote you, though my hand rebelled at the act."

"You did right, Ruby. I will see that your grandmother has everything she needs. Here is \$10. Use it as you think best. When it is gone you shall have more if you need it."

"No, no; I cannot take so much as that!" protested the girl.

"Yes, you can take it, and you will. I want you to understand that I am your friend—a real friend. Since I have come here to help you in your hour of need, you must not turn me down. It isn't fair to your grandmother, who looks to you for everything now that she is ill. Ten dollars is nothing to me because I am prosperous and can easily afford to let you have it as well as ten times as much. What better use can I put the money to than to help your grandmother?"

"You are so good, Mr. Hardy! I knew you were a gentleman. I knew you were brave when I read how you saved that man from falling to his death. And now I know you are the best, the truest person in all the world."

The girl looked at him with eyes that began to glisten with tears. Her bosom heaved with an emotion strange to her. Suddenly and impulsively she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. Then, as if realizing what she had done, she stepped back and covered her blushing face with her hands.

"Thank you for that kiss, Little Red Riding Hood. It shows your gratitude better than words. I shall remember it as coming from the best little girl in the world."

Then Hal opened the door and walked out.

CHAPTER VIII.—Hal and Little Red Riding Hood.

Next day L. & M. went up another point.

"I see your stock is rising," said Halpin, when Hal carried him a couple of orders from customers about half-past ten.

"Well, that is what I looked for," replied the young broker. "I wouldn't be surprised if it went up ten points."

"I hardly think it will go up so much. It may go up six."

"How much will you bet that it doesn't go higher than six?"

"I think I would win if I bet you, so as I'd rather not take any of your money that way, I won't bet."

"All right. I don't believe much in betting, myself. Still I'm always willing to back my opinion with the coin."

Hal then went back to his office, where the ticker showed the beginning of the additional

one-point advance of the day. That evening he made his third call on Miss Price. She certainly was a fine-looking girl, and she laid herself out to increase the hold she fancied she had upon him. There was nothing slow about her, and she knew how to play her cards. But several times that evening a vision came between her and Hal—the vision of the little newsgirl of the slums, and the young broker again felt the warm kiss Little Red Riding Hood had pressed on his lips. He pictured to himself Ruby togged out in glad rags like Miss Price, and wondered how the two girls would compare. Nellie Price was in the full flush of budding womanhood, and charming to a degree, while Ruby was almost a child, without the acquired advantages of Miss Price. In one respect alone Ruby outshone Nellie—her eyes. They mirrored a soul pure as the driven snow—a heart that was honest and true.

Nellie's eyes concealed her inmost thoughts and flashed coquettishly and with evident purpose. She had made up her mind to win Hal, and she brought into play every charm she possessed to fascinate him. Would she succeed? Apparently she was in a fair way of doing so, for Hal had to confess that she was a corking fine girl, but then you never can tell. In the lottery of love the fairest is not always the victor.

"You will come again—soon," said Miss Price, as she bade him good night at the door.

There was a witchery in her tone—an intimation that Hal was pretty solid with her—and her eyes said even more.

"I couldn't think of staying away after such an invitation," replied the young broker gallantly. "I will call again this night a week."

"I shall expect you," smiled Nellie cooingly.

"Good night!" said Hal, and he ran down the steps.

Next day L. & M. went to 90, a jump of three points, or five altogether. Two days later it was almost up to 96. Then Hal decided to cash in, and he added \$20,500 to his rising capital. His record as a Wall Street wizard had not suffered as yet. He had taken luck at the flood and it was leading on to fortune. Would the tide last, that was the question.

After lunch that day he wrote a note to Ruby French, asking her how her grandmother was, and inclosing a \$5 bill, which he begged her to accept, and calling an A. D. T. messenger, he told him to take it to the tenement and deliver it to Miss French, describing the girl and directing him to go to the top floor, rear door. In the course of an hour the boy returned, with an answer in lead pencil. Ruby told him that her grandmother was much better and was sitting up. She thanked him for the interest he took in her and her grandma, and also for the \$5 bill, for which she was very grateful. She would repay the entire \$15 at the earliest moment, and would never forget his kindness and generosity.

Pollack called at Hal's office that day and tried to get him to purchase 10,000 shares of the Harlequin silver mine. But Hal was shy of the broker's intentions to patronize him, as Pollack stated was his idea, and refused to have anything to do with the stock. So Pollack left.

Hal looked to see Ruby French reappear with her basket of papers every day, but she failed to appear, and he heard nothing from her. Finally he decided to make another call on her. He took

the train, but by mistake got out at Grand street. That didn't make much difference, as Rivington street was about midway between Grand and Houston streets. So he started to walk up the east side of the Bowery. On the way he stopped to look at the posters of a new "Moving Picture Palace," which had just been opened. One stood on either side of the entrance, and they were the usual kind furnished by the company that rented the films. In the center, standing against an iron upright post, was a hand-printed sheet which announced the appearance of "Miss Ruby French, the Little East Side Nightingale, in Her Bouquet of Songs," as an added attraction. Hal gasped as he stared at the poster. He could hardly believe his eyes. Surely this girl couldn't be Little Red Riding Hood, the girl newsie.

As he looked, dumfounded, at the bill and then at the box office window he saw a sign which read, "Performance Going On." Mechanically he walked up to the glass window, planked down a nickel, got a ticket and entered the show. The house, a metamorphosed store, was fairly full at this, the second performance of the afternoon. He was just in time to see the beginning of a fresh picture, called "The Castaways' Christmas." Picture one represented a raft at sea, with three men and two women on it, with a big theatrical trunk marked, "Costumes—The Pirates of Penzance Co." The actions of the castaways indicated land in sight. The next picture showed the castaway actors and actresses ashore on a tropical isle arraying themselves in piratical costumes from the trunk. They start to explore the island, are seen by a reformed cannibal, who takes them for real pirates, and rushes to the home of the missionary to give the alarm. The missionary and his family, who are just sitting down to their Christmas dinner, flee for their lives. The hungry castaways reach the house, see the dinner, sit down and eat. The missionary and his crowd rush to the shore, signal an American warship for help and a landing party march on the house and the supposed pirates are commanded to surrender. Explanations in pantomime follow and everybody is happy. As soon as the film ran out, the lights were turned up and a young man at the piano struck up the prelude to a song. From a side door on a level with a narrow stage a daintily dressed little girl made her appearance. One look assured Hal that this was Ruby, the girl he had befriended.

In another moment she began her song. That she could sing, her very first notes showed. Young as she was, she would have put many a professional in the shade. Hal had to confess that Miss Price couldn't hold a candle to her. Nor was her pose and actions amateurish, either. She sang her song with the ease of an accomplished singer, and was vociferously encored. She rendered a second selection, and was showered with more applause. Then she came out and bowed her acknowledgments, and the last moving picture was thrown on the screen.

In a short time the show was over and the people filed out. Hal lingered to the last and then remained hovering near by on the sidewalk. Fifteen minutes later Ruby came out, a little better dressed than he had ever seen her, and started toward Rivington street. He followed

and touched her on the arm. She stopped in a startled way and then recognized him.

"Oh, Mr. Hardy, is that you?" she cried, with a look of pleasure. "I am so glad to see you!"

"Are you really, Ruby?" he asked.

"Should I not be?" she answered winsomely.

"Are you not the best, the only real friend grandma and I have?"

"I hope so. You have given up selling papers, have you?"

She looked at him in an embarrassed way.

"Yes, for the present," she said, in a low tone.

"For the present?" he repeated. "You mean for good?"

"Why do you say that?" she asked, with a sidelong glance in his face.

"Because I imagine you must be making more money at your present occupation."

"My present occupation!" she said, with burning cheeks.

"Yes. I see you are singing at the moving picture show in this block."

She hung her head and blushed redder still.

"Are you angry with me for doing so?" she said, catching her voice, while tears sprang into her eyes.

"Angry with you, Little Red Riding Hood?" he said. "I am not the master of your actions. I have no right to find fault with what you do. You are a free agent. If you prefer to adopt the vaudeville, what have I to say about it?"

"You saw my name on the bill as you came along," she said, after a pause, without looking at him.

"Yes, and I was very much surprised. Curious to witness your performance, I entered the show and heard you sing."

"You did? Had I seen you, I—I——" she stopped.

"You are a fine little singer, Ruby, and an accomplished one. You have sung before on the stage."

"No, no; never!" she exclaimed earnestly.

"Never!" he repeated, in wonder. "Why, you acquitted yourself like a professional! You are a born artiste."

She showed no pleasure at his compliment.

"I have a voice, and I act naturally; that is all. The manager of the place heard me sing at an entertainment some weeks ago. That was before he opened the Palace. Three days ago he came to our rooms and made me an offer of \$10 a week. I would have refused, as I do not care to go on the stage, but I felt it was the only way I could make the \$15 you loaned me, so I agreed to sing for him for three weeks. This is my second day. As soon as the time ends, and I have the money, I shall leave and not sing in public for money again," she said.

"And yet you can make more money at that and have an easier time than selling newspapers," he said, as they stopped at the corner of Rivington street.

"Yes, but——"

"But what, Ruby?"

She looked down at the walk. Then she raised her eyes to his face.

"Would you care to have me sing in public?"

"No, I would not, if I had anything to say; but I have not."

"I won't do anything that displeases you."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I think more of your good opinion than of any one in the world next to grandma."

"Do you mean that, Ruby?"

"Yes," she replied earnestly.

"Let us go down the street. I want to talk with you."

They went on together toward the East river.

"So you want to earn that \$15 I gave you to help your grandmother?" he said.

"Yes."

"Suppose we call the fifteen off?"

She shook her head.

"We owe it, and it's got to be paid," she said resolutely.

"But I'd rather not have you earn it singing on the Bowery."

She remained silent a moment.

"It's the only way I can earn enough to pay you."

"Suppose you let me send you to a commercial school where you will be taught bookkeeping and stenography. In three months you ought to be proficient enough to come to work for me. The young lady at my office is going to get married shortly. That means that she is about to leave the office work for good. You will have a steady position with me, at good pay, with easy hours. You will earn enough to enable you and your grandmother to move from that tenement to a couple of rooms in a better part of the city. In fact, I want you to move right away and let me stand the expense. You see, Ruby, I've taken a great liking to you, and I want to improve your condition in life and make a little lady of you. I am ready to do as much for you as though you were my sister. It is up to you to say whether I am to have the privilege of looking out for you and your grandmother."

"Why do you take so much interest in us, Mr. Hardy?"

"There are some questions a person can't answer, and that's one of them. Perhaps it's for the same reason that makes you wish to stand well in my good opinion. In one way we are nothing to each other; in another we seem to be a great deal to each other. Now, I want you to think it over, Little Red Riding Hood. I want you to come to my office, Room 551, Redding Building, to-morrow morning or the next day, and let me know what your answer will be. You can talk it over with your grandmother, if you want to. You must act as you think best. Of course, if you'd rather follow vaudeville than——"

"No, no, no! I wouldn't sing to-night if I could help it, now that you know and disapprove of it. I will do anything you say."

"You will go to school, then, and prepare yourself for my office?"

"Yes, since you wish it."

"But do you wish it?"

"I wish anything that pleases you."

"Why?"

"Because—I want you to think well of me."

"Very well. Give the manager of the Palace notice that you have to quit him Saturday night, and call at my office on Monday morning. Now, good-by, Ruby, and remember that henceforth you are under my wing. That I have your interest at heart and will take care of your future."

He shook hands with her and they parted at the corner.

CHAPTER IX.—Hal Gets Copper Mine Agency.

Next day another broker called on Hal and proposed to let him in on a good thing in the shape of some Mexican Improvement stock that was certain to make its possessor rich in time if he only held on to it long enough. Hal told his visitor that he didn't care to tie any of his money up in unproductive stock on the chance of making a fortune out of it. The broker retired, convinced that the boy broker was no easy mark. That morning Mr. Thompson called to see him.

"I want you to execute a commission for our firm, Hardy."

"All right, sir. I shall be glad to do some business for you."

"Simon Pollack has been made the Eastern agent of El Capitan Copper Mine—a new company lately formed to develop the property. He is offering a portion of the first issue of treasury stock at 50 cents. They have a par value of \$10. They have no actual market value as yet as the stock is not listed; but they are worth 50 cents. I want you to buy all you can from him at that price. I will pay you for it on delivery, but if you are shy of funds I will make you any reasonable advance you need to put the matter through," said the broker.

"I guess I have funds enough to start the ball rolling. Have you any idea how many shares Mr. Pollack has?"

"I have not. He might have sold quite a number, though I have an idea that he hasn't, for a new stock is not easy to promote. Pollack is a peculiar bird. It would be useless for our firm, or any regular trader, to buy more than a limited number of El Capitan from him, except at a price higher than he is offering to outsiders. You are not yet recognized as a broker doing any great amount of business, so I think you'll be able to do business with him."

Thompson went away and Hal made an entry in his book. Then he went over to the Johnstone Building to see Pollack.

"Vell, Mr. Hardy, vat can I do for you to-day?" said the trader.

"Can you tell me where I can get any of the new El Capitan stock? I heard you had sold some lately," said Hal.

"How much you vant of the stock?"

"Have you got any for sale?"

"Haf I got any? Vell, I think I got a few left. You vant 1,000, 5,000 or 10,000? I sharge you, as a particular favor, only 50 cents. The par value is \$10."

"I'll take 10,000 shares. Here is the money."

"You haf den for yours, M. ch?"

"Sure. I heard El Capitan is a good proposition."

"I can recommend it. If you take 10,000 more, I guarantee you make money on them."

"All right. Send the other 10,000 to my office and I'll pay for them."

"Okay, Mr. Hardy, I haf 20,000 more shares of the stock. The company made me agent for the sale of this stock. I am too busy to look after it. Suppose you buy all I got I vill haf you

made agent in my place. Den you can shell the stock at 60 cents. Dat vill give you a profit of \$4,000. It vill pay your expenses for the year and vat you make on your other business vill be all profit."

Hal, who was considering how he would get hold of the rest of the shares without exciting suspicion in Pollack's mind, was delighted at his proposal. He deemed it prudent to hesitate and not show any eagerness to take up the offer.

"Twenty thousand dollars is a lot of money to put into a new mining stock," he said doubtfully.

"Maybe so, but El Capitan is a sure winner. I would advise you to keep dat stock yourselluf for a rise in the price."

"Do you think the agency will be worth anything?"

"Sure. If I had less business I would be glad to keep it myself."

The fact was, Pollack had accepted the agency merely for the purpose of getting the large commission which the company offered for the placing of the 50,000 shares it had sent him to dispose of. He had got rid of 10,000 shares in small lots so far, but the stock had gone off so slow that he was sick of the job and he was looking around for somebody to take the stock and agency off his hands when Hal called on him. The boy took the second 10,000 he offered so readily that it struck him here was a chance to work off the whole thing on the boy broker. After some further talk, Hal agreed to take all the stock and accept the agency. Pollack had his stenographer draw up an application for Hal to sign. After the boy went away he indorsed the paper and sent it off to the copper company, with a letter from himself, saying that he had sold all the stock, and owing to pressing business engagements he would be obliged to transfer the agency to some one else.

He recommended Hal Hardy as a responsible young broker who was well able to attend to the affairs of the company in Wall Street. That afternoon Hal paid for the stock and delivered it to Thompson & Talley, as per arrangement. He received his \$20,000 back and a commission of \$400. Mr. Thompson also complimented him on his shrewdness in getting possession of all the stock Pollack had.

"You may also congratulate yourself on the fact that he is turning the agency over to you, Hardy. I will tell you privately that the mine is a comer and that it will be selling for \$1 and over a share within a month," said the broker. "The name of the company on your door then will be worth something to you. Pollack has simply done himself out of a good thing, as he will learn one of these days."

On Monday morning Ruby walked into Hal's office and he welcomed her warmly.

"I will take you up to the school where I have made arrangements for you to attend," he said. "I needn't tell you to do your best, but as much as you can within the three months of the term in which they guarantee to make a stenographer and bookkeeper of you. After that you can perfect yourself in my office. I will pay you \$5 a week, while you are learning. Also enough money for you and your grandmother to move to a small floor near Third Avenue and the

elevated. We will look for a place while we are uptown."

Hal then put on his hat and he and Ruby took a car uptown. While he was away a couple of brokers came in to see him about mining shares they wanted to get him to take off their hands. Pollack had told them he was easy on some things. They told Miss Finch they would call again. They came in about four, together, and found the boy broker at his desk. The interview was short, for Hal told them he had all the mining stock he wanted to carry at present. As a matter of fact, he wasn't carrying any.

During the week he was called on to testify at the trial of Martin Daly, the man who had carried off the bag of gold in the cab. Daly was convicted and got five years in State's prison. A few days afterward Hal noticed that N. & O. was unusually low. Judging that it ought to advance shortly, he gave Halpin an order to buy 4,000 shares for his account at the market price, which was 80. Inside of two weeks the stock went up nearly four points and Hal sold out at a profit of \$15,000. He was now worth \$80,000 and felt that he was on Easy Street.

His customers continued to increase at a slow rate, practically all of them being people he had never met personally. About this time he received his official appointment as agent for El Capitan Copper Mine, and was instructed to get the transfer books and other documents from Broker Pollack. He was told that he would receive 50,000 shares of a new stock issue shortly, which he was to sell at not less than \$1.

As soon as he got the stock he was to put in the company's application to have the mine listed on the Curb Exchange and also at the Jersey City Exchange. The president told him to put the company's name on his office door and issue the usual notice to the brokers that all the company's Eastern business would be transacted at his office. Hal presented his order for the books and other things to Pollack and that broker turned them over to him, congratulating him on having taken charge of the copper mining company's Wall Street office. A week later the news was circulated in the financial district that El Capitan had opened up a rich deposit of copper ore. Pollack, who had expected nothing from the mine, nearly had a fit when he heard about it. The first thing he did was to rush over to see Hal.

"I haf a customer who wants 20,000 shares of El Capitan," he said. "Maybe you have some of dat stock I sold you still by you. I gif you 60 cents for it."

"No, I haven't a share left. I sold it all soon after I got it from you," replied Hal.

"You sold it all! Vat you got for it?"

"The same price that I paid you."

"Vat! You sold dat stock vithout making any profit?"

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Pollack, I didn't buy that stock for myself. I had an order to get it and that is how I came to visit you."

"Who vas the man you sold it all to?"

"That is a business secret. The affairs of my customers are confidential."

Pollack began to smell a rat. It was impossible for him to insist on learning the name of Hal's customer. He strongly suspected that some one who had had inside information bought the

stock and had used the boy broker to secure it for him. In view of the unexpected development in the copper mine, he was intensely disgusted to think that not only had he let the stock slip through his fingers into the hands of somebody who would make a good thing out of it, but he had thrown up the agency of a company which was likely to amount to something.

"You haf none of the stock left, den?" he said, glaring at Hal.

"Not a share," answered the young broker.

"Maybe you could get me some, eh?"

"I expect to have some new stock for sale shortly, but it won't be sold for less than \$1, and it may go higher."

"I can't pay no such price as dat. I must haf it sheap or not at all."

"I believe it won't go cheaper than \$1."

"You ought to shell it sheaper to me than anybody else."

"What for?"

"Because I put the agency in your way."

"You seemed glad at the time to get it off your hands."

"Dat has nothing to do with it. I done you a favor to gif it to you. It is usual in dem cases to return the favor. Maybe you vill take dem Harlequin shares I spoke to you about? If you do dat, I vill call it square."

"Sorry, but I have no use for the Harlequin stock. It hasn't any market. I can't afford to tie any of my money up in unsalable stock."

"I wish you good day!" said Pollack, and he went off, angry.

CHAPTER X.—Hal Gets a Big Customer.

Hal got Ruby and her grandmother domiciled in a small cheap suite of three rooms in a private house on a side street off Third Avenue, and had made the acquaintance of the latter. He found the old lady was a person who had seen better days, and, like many people, once prosperous, had, by a reverse of Fortune's wheel, come down in life and, being handicapped by age, had drifted very low indeed. She was very grateful to the young broker for the interest he was taking in Ruby, who was the apple of her eyes, and she assured him that neither of them would forget what they owed him.

Hal called once a week to hand them the \$5 and find out what progress Ruby was making at the business school, and he was pleased to see that she was doing very well. The attractions of Nellie Price seemed to have lost their hold on the boy, for, to her disappointment, he became a less frequent visitor. In due time the copper company sent Hal a batch of blank certificates, signed by the president, vice-president and treasurer, with instructions to offer 50,000 shares of the new issue at the market price, which was \$1.25. If, for any cause, the price dropped below \$1, the sale of the stock was to be discontinued until it went up to \$1 or over. Hal immediately put an advertisement in the two daily Wall Street papers that El Capitan stock was for sale at current market rates at his office, or could be bought through any broker. He soon disposed of about half the allotment. In all the letters he sent his customers, as well as the people who were continually writing him for information,

he inclosed a circular describing El Capitan. In this way he got many orders for the stock by mail. One morning a small man, with white hair and beard, walked into Hal's office.

"I called to see Hal Hardy," he said, in a voice that did seem to have been affected by age.

"That's my name, sir," said Hal, pointing to a chair.

"So you are the boy broker I've heard a lot about," said the visitor, sizing Hal up sharply.

"Yes, I'm a boy broker. What can I do for you?"

"Do you think you could buy fifty or sixty thousand shares of a good stock without attracting a lot of attention to the fact?"

The visitor didn't look like a person who could pay for a large quantity of average-priced stock, therefore Hal looked at him narrowly, wondering if his visitor was a mild kind of a lunatic, or just joking. However, he replied that he was able to do business as well as any other broker and guessed if such a commission came his way he could execute it all right.

"Think you could, eh?" said the caller, dryly.

"Well, sir, it's only a short time ago that I purchased 40,000 shares of mining stock for a firm of brokers, whose client had special reasons for wanting to get hold of it," said Hal. "The brokers couldn't get it themselves, so they put me on the job. I secured it inside of an hour from the broker who had it and who refused to sell it in very large lots to regular brokers. I guess that proves that I can buy in an emergency."

"Young man, I am sorry you haven't a private office, as what I have to say is strictly confidential," said the visitor, in a sharp, businesslike tone that did not coincide with his white beard and hair.

"I have perfect confidence in my stenographer, sir."

"That may be, but I have perfect confidence in nobody but myself. Send the young lady out for a walk."

"You are making a rather unusual request, sir," said Hal.

"Perhaps; but the circumstances are unusual, as you will presently understand."

Hal, somewhat impressed by his visitor's words, decided to humor him, though he determined to be on his guard, for he was not thoroughly assured of the man's sanity. He wrote a few words on a slip of paper and went over to Bessie Finch's desk. He handed her the slip. She read it, put on her hat and walked outside. She did not leave the corridor in the neighborhood of the office, though, for Hal had told her to remain within call of his voice.

"Now, sir, I am at your service," said the young broker.

"Oblige me by turning the key in the door," said the caller. "I don't want any one to come in here unawares on me."

Hal locked the door and then reseated himself at his desk. The stranger put up his hands and removed his white wig and beard, which were in one piece, and sat revealed as a shrewd, black-eyed man of perhaps fifty years.

"Have you ever seen me before?" he asked, with a grim smile.

"Yes; I've seen you on the street a dozen times

when I was a messenger, and once since, replied Hal. "I can't say that I know who you are."

"There is my card," said the man, handing a small piece of white pasteboard to the young trader.

Hal looked at it. It bore the name and address of one of the biggest and most astute operators in Wall Street. He was the Jay Gould of the financial district.

"Are you Mr. John Gregson?" said Hal, impressed by the card.

"Yes, young man, I am John Gregson. You have heard of me?"

"Who has not in Wall Street?"

Gregson smiled in a grim way.

"I adopted this disguise to hide my identity. I did not care to be seen coming into this building. If I had been recognized, I should probably have been traced to your office. My mission is a secret one, so it was necessary that my coming should not be noted."

"You wish to have me do something for you?"

"I am going to place an important commission in your hands. Its success depends on the way you execute it. I cannot intrust the matter to any of my regular brokers for reasons that I deem good and sufficient. You have not had business dealings with me, and no one would be likely to suspect you as having any. I have heard about you, and have had you looked up in an offhand way. I think you will do. If you make good, it will mean a lot to you. But it will be absolutely necessary that our connection at any time should remain a secret to every one but our two selves. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do."

Gregson drew his chair close to Hal's desk, reached for a pad and wrote an order which he signed with his familiar signature that was good on a check for many millions. The order called for any part of 60,000 shares of the Little Anchor Railroad Co. at a certain latitude of price.

"You will have the certificates made out to different names, no two lots to be alike. Here is a list for you to select from. Take them at random. Have the stock delivered C. O. D. at the addresses attached to the names. If you are questioned, state you are buying for regular customers. Here is a list of brokers who have, or did have, the stock. When you have exhausted it, you must make inquiries for Little Anchor as you would for any other stock you wanted to buy. If you wish to communicate with me, you can do so by letter addressed to me inclosed in a second envelope addressed to any person on my list of names. When I wish to see you, I will call in my disguise. Now give me your home address. I may need it."

Hal gave it to him.

"I think that is all. Begin right away. You will charge the usual commission, and at the proper time I will settle it in cash."

Gregson resumed his disguise, and told Hal he could unlock the door. Shaking hands with the young broker, he passed out, and no one who was closely acquainted with the mighty Gregson would have suspected his identity in the disguise he had assumed on this occasion. As soon as he departed, Hal called Miss Finch in and sat

down to congratulate himself on having secured Gregson for a special customer, and to map out his line of action.

CHAPTER XI.—Hal Puts the Coup Through.

In less than half an hour Hal was on the job, and that afternoon he bought 30,000 Little Anchor shares. Next day he secured 20,000 more. That exhausted his list of brokers. He needed 10,000 more to fill his order. That didn't seem like a great many after what he had already got, but he spent the best part of a day hunting almost in vain for more. By four o'clock he had bought only 4,000. He dropped in at Thompson & Talley's to see Bob, and while there he asked the cashier if the firm had any Little Anchor.

"None for sale; but we have a block of 5,000 on which we have loaned money," replied the cashier.

"Could I get the name and address of the owner of the stock? I should like to see if I can buy the shares from him."

"You'll have to come in about ten in the morning and see one of the firm."

"All right," said Hal.

Next morning he called and saw Mr. Thompson. He stated his errand and the broker said:

"I'd like to oblige you, but it's contrary to the rules of the office. However, I'll see the gentleman and make him an offer for the stock for you. What are you paying for it?"

Hal stated what he would give, and Thompson told him he would send him word about the matter some time that day.

"Very well, sir. If you can get the stock at that price, buy it for me."

About two o'clock Thompson notified Hal that he had bought the stock and he wanted to know who he should transfer the certificates to. Hal sent him one of the names on his list, and told him to deliver the stock C. O. D. at the gentleman's office. The boy, having secured 59,000 shares, concluded he had filled the bill as near as he could, and he started a letter addressed to John Gregson to tell him. While he was thus engaged the door opened and Gregson, in disguise, came in. Miss Finch was out at the time, so they had the office to themselves. Hal told Gregson what he had accomplished and the operator expressed his satisfaction.

"You've done better than I expected you would, Hardy," he said. "When the last 5,000 block shall have been delivered to Mr. Andrews, I will have the necessary majority of shares to carry my point. Make out your statement now and I will pay you your commission."

Hal did so, and his commission footed up the handsome sum of \$1,375, which Gregson paid him in cash.

"I'll keep you in mind, Hardy, and will employ you again when I have occasion for your services, but remember, your usefulness to me will depend entirely on the fact of you keeping our business connection in the dark," said the operator, rising.

"Don't fear, Mr. Gregson. No one will ever learn from me that I have even met you, much less done any business for you," said Hal.

Gregson nodded, said good-by, and took his leave. In a few days Hal read in the papers

that Gregson, the financier and operator, had secured control of the Little Anchor Railroad line, and would control the board of directors at the next annual meeting. The news created some consternation in certain quarters and a quiet investigation was started to discover how Gregson had got the stock. Brokers known to have had some of the stock were interviewed, and the fact was developed that in each instance they had sold it to the boy broker and delivered it C. O. D. to his customer. In this way the man who made the investigation found that Hal Hardy had apparently been favored with orders from a dozen customers for the same stock.

Of course, the customers were all acting for Gregson. He called upon Hal and asked him if he could buy him 5,000 shares of Little Anchor.

Hal told him he would do so if he could get it.

"Well, see what you can do," said the visitor, who was pretty certain that the boy wouldn't be able to find the shares. "Send me word to my office."

He went away and Hal tried to fill his order. He couldn't get hold of a share. The price of the stock had jumped up ten points on the publication of the news that Gregson had secured control of the road. So Hal was forced to notify his latest customer that he could not get the stock. The man called around to see him again.

"So you couldn't find any Little Anchor?" he said.

"Not a share. The price has gone up, and those who have it are holding on to it. At any rate, I couldn't find any, though I sent a broker into the Exchange to bid for it," said Hal.

"I understand that you bought some of the stock lately for several customers."

"Who told you that?"

"I heard so from the brokers who sold you the stock."

"You mustn't believe all you hear, Mr. Sharp," smiled Hal.

"You might as well admit it, for my information is to be relied on."

"Whether it's so or not, I never give out any business connected with this office."

"I suppose you have read in the papers that John Gregson has secured the majority of Little Anchor stock?" said the man.

"Yes, I read about it."

"He's been trying to get control of the road for some time. It was you who helped him to it."

"Me! Ridiculous!"

"Not at all. I have traced the sale of at least 40,000 shares of the stock to you. Each sale you made you had the certificates made out in the name of a different man. These men are merely dummies in the transaction. If they gave you the orders individually, they were acting for Gregson; but it is my opinion that you received the entire order from Gregson himself. Do you deny that?"

"I have nothing to say on a subject that does not concern you."

"How do you know it doesn't concern me?"

"I don't see how my private business should interest you."

"Well, I am interested in learning how Gregson got hold of just the amount of Little Anchor stock he was shy of. None of the persons you bought the stock of would have sold it to Greg-

son, or to any known representative of him. How came Gregson to employ you?"

"What do I know about Mr. Gregson? Who told you that he employed me? You are making assertions that you have no evidence of. If this line of talk is all that brought you here, I shall be obliged to you if you will go, as I have business to attend to," said Hal.

"Then you refuse to admit that you helped Gregson get hold of over 50,000 shares of Little Anchor stock?"

"I have nothing further to say on the subject, except that I should be very glad to have Mr. Gregson on my books as a customer; but I don't think that a big operator like him is likely to do business with a boy broker," said Hal.

The visitor, who had remained standing during the interview, walked up and down the room a couple of times and finally, without another word, took his departure. Hal immediately wrote a letter to Gregson, detailing all that had transpired between him and his visitor.

"The investigations of this man appear to establish a business connection between us with respect to the Little Anchor deal. He has traced the sales of over 40,000 shares to me, and as the 59,000 shares I bought for you has placed you in control of the road, Wall Street is bound to believe that I helped you to the stock. In fact, no other conclusion can be arrived at. I have made no admissions, but no one expects me to make them. If the brokers I did business with had kept the matter to themselves, as I think they should have done, nothing would have been known concerning my agency in the case," wrote Hal.

He sent the letter under cover of one of Gregson's allies on the list, and the operator duly received it. He smiled grimly when he read it. He had accomplished his purpose and he did not care a whole lot what Wall Street thought on the subject. By next day the financial district generally believed that the boy broker had acted for Gregson in the Little Anchor coup. Nobody doubted the report, for it was just like the big operator to take some unusual method of working out his plans.

Dozens of brokers asked Hal about the matter, but he declined to affirm or deny his alleged connection with Gregson. He wouldn't even make any admissions to Halpin, who quizzed him on the subject. At any rate, Hal got the credit for working the deal in a clever way, and it gave him quite a reputation in the Street. The newspapers commented on his presumed part in the coup, and as a result quite a number of people came to his office and gave him their business. It also helped him to dispose of all the rest of his El Capitan copper shares at the market price of \$1.40, and the president of the company wrote him a commendatory letter when he sent in his final remittance.

CHAPTER XII.—Is Harlequin a Winner?

At the end of three months from the date Ruby French entered the business school the manager notified Hal that she was competent to enter his office, where it was understood she would perfect herself by practice. He had provided her

with new clothes, and when she came down to work at the office no one would have recognized her as Little Red Riding Hood, the ex-newsgirl of Wall Street. Her chief duty was to prepare copies of Hal's tri-weekly market letter and send them to his customers and all who wrote him for information. On the day that Ruby began work at the office, Bob Gleason dropped in about noon. Hal was out.

"Hello, Little Red Riding Hood!" said Bob. "So you are one of us down here in Wall Street! Hal told me he was going to take you on as soon as you were able to hold your end up."

"Yes, and I owe all my good fortune to him. He is the finest boy in the world," she said, with emphasis.

"That's what he is. He'll look after you, all right. You have got hold of a good job, because Hal is becoming more important every day. It won't be long before he'll have to branch out into a suite of rooms. A year ago he wasn't worth much more than a couple of thousand dollars; now I'll bet he's worth anywhere between fifty and a hundred thousand," said Bob.

"I shall always be grateful to him," she said.

"I'll bet you will. You're all right, Miss French. If you were not, Hal never would have taken you up. Where is Hal—do you know?"

"He went out on business an hour ago and has not yet returned."

"Well, tell him I was here."

Bob then went away. Five minutes later a man came in.

"Mr. Hardy is not in, eh?" he said to Ruby.

"No, sir, but he may return at any moment."

"I wish to leave an order for him to buy 20,000 shares of Harlequin Mining Co. stock for me. Can you take it?"

"I suppose so."

"Give me a piece of paper and I will make out the order."

Ruby handed him a sheet of the office paper bearing Hal's name. The visitor made out the order in regular shape and signed it. It authorized the young broker to purchase 20,000 shares of Harlequin for 25 cents, or even 30 cents, if he had to give it.

"I will leave ten per cent. of the purchase price as deposit," said the man. "Please give me a receipt for it."

He handed the money to Ruby, and she made out a receipt and signed it.

"Tell Mr. Hardy that I will call some time tomorrow with the rest of the money, and I hope he will have the stock ready for me, as I want to go to Philadelphia by an afternoon train."

The man then took his leave, and Ruby placed the money in one of the drawers of her table. When Hal came in he saw an envelope lying on the floor near the door. He picked it up and looked at it. A part of the name and all the address was torn away. Hal wondered who had dropped it—doubtless some visitor who had been there while he was out. He pulled out the enclosure to see if he could get a line on the person. It was addressed simply, "Dear Jim," and went on to state that a rich vein of ore had been discovered in the Harlequin mine which was being kept quiet until the insiders had bought in as much of the outstanding stock as they could find. The letter told Jim that there were only

about 30,000 shares of the company held in the East, most of which was owned by Broker Simon Pollack.

"You want to get that stock and hold on to it. I advise you not to call on Pollack yourself, as he has the reputation of being a suspicious old fox. Get some broker who is not very well known—some new man in Wall Street—to buy it for you. Better not suggest that Pollack has the shares, but let him hunt for them. Somebody is sure to put him on to Pollack, for it is known that he has Harlequin stock. Thus the shares can be bought without exciting undue notice. You ought to get the stock for a quarter, but if you have to give 30 cents, or a little higher, it will pay you, for when the news comes out, Harlequin is liable to jump to \$1."

The letter was signed, "Your friend, Bill Ruggles." It was dated a week previous at Goldfield, Nevada.

"Who's been in here, Ruby?" Hal asked.

"Bob Gleason, and a man who left an order for you to buy some stock. He left a deposit of \$500."

She took the money and the order out of the drawer and handed both to him. Hal whistled as he looked at the order. It called for the purchase, as the reader knows, of 20,000 shares of Harlequin stock.

"I gave him a receipt for the money," said Ruby. "He told me to tell you that he would be in some time to-morrow with the rest of the money, and he hoped you would have the stock for him as he wanted to go to Philadelphia by an afternoon train."

Hal sat down at his desk. The order was signed by James Carroll, and there seemed to be no doubt that it was he who had accidentally dropped the letter which conveyed him the tip that had evidently induced him to make the purchase of the Harlequin stock.

"If that tip is genuine, he's a lucky chap, probably," thought Hal. "Well, I must enter the order in my books and go and buy the stock for him. I hate to deal with Pollack for it after turning him down before, but I suppose I'll have to."

He entered the order, counted the money over, and taking \$4,500 more from his safe, he went over to the Johnstone Building. Pollack was in, sitting back in his pivot chair like a bloated spider in his web, waiting for an unsuspecting fly.

"Vell, vat can I do for you, Hardy?" he said.

"I have concluded to buy those Harlequin shares you offered me if you still have them," said the young broker.

"Maybe I don't want to shell dem now. I don't need de money. Perhaps if I hold on to dem long enough, dey vill pay better to shell dem. Harlequin always looked to me like a vinner, and I'm much surprised dat it ain't vorth \$1 a share. I believe it vill be vorth dat some time," said Pollack.

"Then you don't want to sell the stock?"

"I shell anyting I got if somebody pays me my price. You like dis desk maybe? Vell, I shell it to you for \$75. I t'row in the shair, too."

"Thanks!" laughed Hal. "I don't need another desk."

"You want one of dem pictures on the wall? Make me an offer."

"No. All I want is the Harlequin stock."

"I haf some Red Peacock shares for ten cents. Maybe you like dat better as Harlequin?"

Apparently, Pollack wasn't anxious to dispose of Harlequin.

"I see you don't want to sell Harlequin, so I won't waste your time," said Hal, rising.

"I said I shell anyting. Vat you give for Harlequin?"

"Twenty cents," said Hal, at a venture.

"Vat! Twenty shents! Oh, do you want to rob me? My price is 30 shents."

"Why, you offered it to me for 25 cents some time ago."

"Dat is the time you ought to haf bought it."

"I'm afraid we can't do business, then. I won't give over a quarter."

"Vell, I let youd haf it for 29 shents."

"No. I won't go a cent over 25 cents."

Hal's customer had instructed him to give 30 cents if necessary, but the boy meant to buy it for a quarter if he could, for he had an idea Pollack would let it go at that. The broker came down to 28 cents, but Hal remained firm. After some dickering Pollack finally agreed to sell the stock for 25 cents. So Hal paid him \$5,000 and took the 20,000 shares. On his way back to his office he dropped in to see Halpin. After a short talk the broker said:

"Heard the news about Harlequin Mining Co.?"

"You mean about the discovery of ore in the mine?" asked Hal.

"Discovery of ore! I should say not."

"What, then?"

"The mine has been token off the Goldfield Exchange."

"The dickens it has!" exclaimed the boy, in surprise. "Why so?"

"Because the mine has been abandoned as a dead one by the company."

"Get out—you're fooling me!"

Halpin took a Western mining paper off the top of his desk, glanced over it, put his thumb on a paragraph and handed it to Hal.

"Read that," he said.

Hal read it. It was the announcement that all work had been abandoned in the mine, and that the property, machinery, outhouses as well as an adjoining undeveloped claim, was in the market for \$50,000 cash.

"That looks mighty funny in the face of a letter I found in my office a while ago," said Hal. "Here it is. Read it."

The broker did so.

"You found that in your office, eh? Did Pollack pay you a visit to-day?"

"No. The person who lost that letter called while I was out and left an order for the purchase of 20,000 shares at 25 cents. My stenographer took the order and \$500 deposit from him."

"He left \$500 deposit?"

"Yes. That looks as if he meant business."

"It would seem so. Did you go and buy the stock for him of Pollack?"

"I did."

"You paid him \$5,000 for it?"

"Yes."

"When do you expect your customer to call for the stock?"

"Some time to-morrow."

"And suppose he never calls?"

"He'll be out \$500."

"And how much will you be out?"

Hal stared blankly at Halpin. He woke up to the unpleasant possibility that if the paragraph in the paper were true, he stood to lose \$4,500. Was his luck beginning to turn against him?

CHAPTER XIII.—The Man from Nevada.

"Look here, Hal," said Halpin, "I'm afraid you have been stuck."

"Stuck!"

"Yes—by Pollack."

"What has Pollack got to do with it?"

"That stock has been unsalable for the best part of a year. Pollack has had 20,000 shares that he couldn't get rid of. Some time ago he tried to unload it on you, but you would not take it. Well, he probably saw that paragraph, realized that the stock wasn't worth the paper it was written on, and his foxy brain suggested a last desperate attempt to catch you with it. He got somebody in his confidence to call on you and ask you to buy the 20,000 shares for him. He could afford to lose \$500 to make \$5,000. The customer then dropped that letter for you to find and read. It was probably written in Pollack's office. The envelope is torn where the post-mark is usually stamped. Generally, the receiving post office puts its post mark on the back. There is none there, you see. Without knowing positively, it is my opinion that the whole thing is a put-up job on you and you have fallen into the trap—as people will sometimes, even the smartest of us."

"My gracious! If that is so, I shall feel like kicking myself around the block. I don't mind the loss of \$4,500 so much, for I can easily stand it, but it galls me to feel that Pollack has the laugh on me," said Hal, with a look of disgust.

"Oh, well, it can't be helped now, if it happens to be a fact. You can solace yourself with the reflection that you took the first fall out of him when you bought those 40,000 El Capitan shares from him and he kindly turned the agency for the company over to you. That agency is well worth twice \$4,500 to you."

"Yes, that's so; still it riles me to think how easy I was in this Harlequin matter."

Hal got up and went back to his office. He locked up the stock in his safe, satisfied that it would remain there indefinitely. He said nothing to Ruby about the affair, for he judged she would think he blamed her for taking the order. Hal remained in his office the best part of the next day, but James Carroll failed to call for his stock.

At four o'clock Bob came in.

"Say, Hal, I've something to tell you," he said, in a low tone.

"Tell it, then."

"Have you been caught in any kind of a stock transaction?"

"Why do you ask that?" asked Hal, in surprise.

"Because I overheard Broker Pollack telling Mr. Talley how he sold you 20,000 shares of Harlequin mining stock after he learned that the company had gone up the spout. He said you paid him \$5,000 for the certificates, and they

were not worth a cent. He was tickled to death over having taken you in."

"What did Mr. Talley say?"

"He asked Pollack if he thought that was a square thing to do."

"Good! What reply had Pollack to that?"

"He said everything was fair in Wall Street."

"Well, you needn't say anything, but he skinned me, all right. However, I'm not going to show him up. If he tells many people about the transaction, I fancy he will show himself up. He is doubtless so pleased with having done me that he fails to see what a fool he is making of himself by giving it away."

"That's right. He will do himself more than \$5,000 worth of injury. The worst of it is that he will make you look like an easy mark. You'll have all the harpies of Wall Street calling on you to see what they can make out of you."

"The first one that comes in here with any such proposition is liable to be thrown out," said Hal angrily.

"That's right. Fire him!" grinned Bob. "How is Little Red Riding Hood coming on?"

"Fine as silk. She's the best little girl in the world."

"I wouldn't be surprised but one of these days she'll be the best little woman in the world to you."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, you will probably marry her."

"What makes you think I will?"

"Well, straws show the way the wind blows," said Bob pointedly.

"Perhaps I might do worse than marry her. I have sized her up and I know she is the real thing. She doesn't act one way and have a second side behind. She is as true as the magnetic needle is on the compass, and that's saying a great deal for girls nowadays. I don't wish you to understand that I am hitting at girls generally, for I'm not. They are simply brought up in an artificial atmosphere, and are taught to play for a desirable husband, as the gamester plays his hand to win. That doesn't say they are not all right, at that, but I'd rather not be played for as a good thing to catch. I want to play for the girl myself."

"You won't have any trouble with Little Red Riding Hood, for she thinks there is only one real boy in the world, and that's you."

"How do you know?"

"Because she told me you were the best boy in the world, and when she spoke there was something in her eyes that told me she'd die for you if that were necessary."

Hal drummed on his desk, and made no reply.

"She's wonderfully improved, old man, since you took her in hand," went on Bob. "You pulled her and her old grandmother out of the slams where hard luck had taken them. They didn't belong there, and I guessed you knew it or you wouldn't have taken the interest in them you have. Even as a new-girl, Little Red Riding Hood looked above her work. She might have been likened to a diamond in a cheap setting. When she gets her proper setting she'll make a Tiffany stone look like a Brazilian pebble."

"You've got the right idea of her, Bob, and I guess she'll get her proper setting, all right—

when she gets a little older," said Hal. "Now let's talk about something else."

Several weeks passed away and the agent of the building asked Hal if he wished to renew his lease of Room 551.

"No," replied the young broker, "I've got to have larger quarters. I need a private room."

"I can give you two connecting rooms on the floor below."

"What's the rent?"

The agent told him.

"I'll look at them."

"You can't get possession before the first of May."

"That will suit me all right."

Accordingly, the agent took him to the offices and the tenant permitted their inspection. The result was Hal signed a lease of them. That evening Hal took Ruby to a Broadway theater to see a popular drama. After the show they started for a Third avenue station, walking along a side street which seemed to be quite deserted at that hour. As they approached the corner of Madison avenue they heard a man's cry for help. Hal dropped Ruby's arm and rushed forward the few feet that carried him to the corner. The two men were attacking a third, whom they had down. The young broker dashed at them with a shout. Taken by surprise, the pair of rascals left their victim and took to their heels, disappearing down the street. Hal found the man bleeding from a scalp wound, and assisted him on his feet.

He didn't look over-prosperous, but footpads do not always stop to size a man up. His face was bronzed and covered with whiskers, and he spoke with a Western drawl.

"Thanks, pard," he said to Hal. "You came just in time to save me, and I'm obliged to you. My name is Jack Brewster, and I'm from Goldfield, Nevada."

"Let me have your handkerchief and I'll tie up your head. Your wound doesn't appear to be very serious. The druggist on the corner of Third avenue will fix you up. We're going that way."

During the walk Hal learned that Brewster was a prospector and knew a great deal about the Nevada mining districts.

"Come down to my office in Wall street to-morrow. I'd like to talk to you," said Hal.

"I'll do it. What's your business?"

"Stock brokerage. Here's my business card."

"I'll be on hand, pard. I'd like to see you about a matter that brought me to New York—silver mine. Perhaps you've heard of it. It's the Harlequin."

"Heard of it! I should say I have. I was stuck on 20,000 shares of the stock on the day that the news came that it had been abandoned by its owners."

"That so, pard? Got that stock yet?"

"I have. I have charged it up to profit and loss—meaning loss, of course."

"Don't you worry about that. The mine is all right. If I could find a man willing to put up \$50,000 to buy the property, I'd make him a millionaire."

"The dickens you would!" cried Hal incredulously.

"I'll do it, pard, on condition that he gave me a half interest."

"What do you know about the mine that the men who want to sell it are not aware of?"

"I'll tell you all about it to-morrow, pard, and then maybe you can introduce me to a party with the spondulix."

"Come down around ten, if you can."

"I'll be thar then."

Hal and Ruby left the man at the drug store and went on their way.

CHAPTER XIV.—A \$50,000 Deal.

At half-past ten next morning, Jack Brewster, the man from Nevada, walked into Hal's office.

"Take a seat, Brewster, and I'll hear what you have to say about the Harlequin mine. All reports in the Western papers indicate that it's a bursted prospect."

"That's because they don't know anything about the mine."

"The owners wouldn't offer to part with it and an adjoining claim if they had the least idea it was worth working."

"They don't know anything about it, either. Anyway, they haven't any money to do anything, and they can't raise it."

"What do you know about it?"

"You'll promise to keep the matter secret if I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Very good! I went down into the shaft and examined the indications in the three abandoned tunnels. I made some probings, and guess what I brought to light."

"Indications of silver, I suppose."

"A ledge of quartz which I uncovered enough to show me it was the real goods. Had the owners kept on in that tunnel one day more, they would have found it, too. I covered it up again after taking out a bagful of samples which I had assayed and found toted up \$450 to the ton. That's ore for you!"

"I should say so!"

Here are a few of the samples, and here is the assayer's figures."

Hal examined both. The samples spoke for themselves, but there was no evidence in the assayer's report to show where the ore had come from.

"What proof have you that this ore came out of Harlequin?"

"No proof."

"You need something better than your word to convince a capitalist."

"I expect to take him right to the mine and show him the silver ledge."

"Then I'll go out there with you and if I see the ledge I'll buy the property and give you a half interest in it."

"You've got the money to do it?"

"I have. Enough to buy the mine and start the ball rolling if it's all you say it is."

"You can take my word on that. When will you go? The sooner the better, before somebody else accidentally makes the discovery I made."

"I'll go as soon as I fix matters here so that I can stay away a couple of weeks. Say in three days."

That afternoon Hal arranged with Halpin to run his office for him while he was away, and two days later he and Brewster started for Ne-

vada. They reached Goldfield in due time, and on the following day went to the Harlequin mine, where Brewster soon convinced Hal that the property was intersected by a rich lode of silver ore. Hal then bought out the owners of the property, and agreed to pay them \$50,000 in five equal instalments of \$10,000 each, the first to be made on signing the papers. The deal was put through, Hal paid the first instalment down, and the sale was duly registered in the county clerk's office. He then returned to New York, leaving Brewster in charge. The purchase of the Harlequin by Hal Hardy of New York, a Wall Street broker, was duly published in the Western papers, and the fact was known in the city when Hal got back.

"What in thunder did you buy that mine for?" asked Halpin, when the boy made his appearance in his office.

"I bought it to get square on Pollack," laughed Hal.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I was joking, of course. Pollack sold me what he thought was a gold brick, but it wasn't. I wouldn't sell those 20,000 shares for \$2 at this moment. That mine is a winner, but the original owners didn't know it. Only 100,000 shares were sold altogether. Brewster and I hold 40,000 each, which leaves only 20,000 on the market. We picked up 60,000 for a song. Brewster puts in the experience while I put in the money. When I go back, a meeting will be called of the few stockholders whose stock I wouldn't buy, as I didn't want to clean out everybody. I shall elect myself a director, and my partner another. The other stockholders will constitute the rest of the board. Then I'll make myself president, and transfer the main office to this city, leaving the mine in charge of my associate and the branch office, too. As soon as we begin operations on the mine we'll have it listed again, and I calculate to start it at \$1 a share."

"One dollar a share for the stock of a dead mine!" cried Halpin.

"No, not for a dead mine, but a mine that's come to life with paying ore."

"Look here, Hardy, what are you trying to give me?"

"Can you keep a secret, Mr. Halpin?"

"If necessary."

"Then keep this one—before I purchased the Harlequin mine I was taken down into it and with my own eyes I saw a lode of silver ore several feet wide and of unknown length, which assays at \$450 a ton."

"Who discovered it?"

"My partner in the enterprise—Jack Brewster, prospector."

Hal then explained how he made Brewster's acquaintance, and how Brewster accidentally found the lode while inspecting the mine. The broker whistled. That afternoon Hal met Pollack on the street.

"How do you do, Mr. Pollack!" said Hal, grasping the broker by the hand and shaking it effusively. "I really don't know how to thank you enough."

"Vat you talkin' about?" ejaculated the stout broker, regarding the boy with a doubtful look.

"Talking about! Why, the Harlequin mine, of course. You sold me 20,000 shares for a quarter, didn't you?"

"Vat of it? You bought dem with your eyes open. I didn't press you to buy dem. I offered you Red Peacock and Atlas Consolidated, but you didn't want anything but Harlequin. It ain't my fault if the mine vent up the spout and you got stuck."

"Not at all, Mr. Pollack. Harlequin is a winner. Didn't you hear that I bought the mine and everything on it, with an adjoining claim, for \$50,000?"

"You bought dat mine for \$50,000?"

"I did, and I wouldn't take half a million this minute for my half interest in it. Pollack, I am extremely grateful to you for selling me that stock and thus interesting me in the mine. In the course of a month you will hear news from it that will open your eyes. Good-by!" and Hal walked off, leaving the stout broker in a state of general perplexity.

In a few days Hal returned to Goldfield with a bunch of money to finance his new proposition. The miners of the district were rather surprised to see a large force of men put to work on the presumed dead mine. When the ledge had been fully opened up the news of its discovery was given out. The former owners were thunderstruck and couldn't believe it till they visited the property and saw with their own eyes what they had missed by a hair. The news of the rich lode reached New York, and, circulating around Wall Street, came to Pollack's ears.

Then he had a fit in earnest, and understood what Hal had meant when he told him on the street that he'd hear something from the mine that would open his eyes. As soon as things were running smoothly, with the stock relisted on the Goldfield Exchange, and selling at 60 cents and upward, Hal returned to New York. A month later he took possession of his new offices on the floor below, and on the door placed the following sign:

"Hal Hardy, Stocks and Bonds. Western Stocks a Specialty. Eastern correspondent for Hale, Vale, Dale & Co. General Office of the Harlequin Gold & Silver Mining Co. of Goldfield (Hal Hardy, President). Eastern representative of El Capitan Copper Mining Co. of Wauseka, Wis."

Numerous applications were made to him for stock in the Harlequin, but Hal had none to put on the market as yet. Only 20,000 shares were out, and these were held first at a dollar, then at \$2, and finally changed hands at \$3. At that rate, Hal's 40,000 shares were worth \$120,000 which left him \$70,000 ahead on his deal, while Brewster was the full amount to the good on his shares.

Six months later Hal was offered half a million for his interest, and he turned the offer down, just as Brewster refused a similar offer. On that basis the stock was worth its par value of \$10 a share, and that was the price asked for it. Hal was reckoned a millionaire when he reached his twenty-third year, though not in actual money. Soon after his birthday he led Ruby French to the altar as his happy bride, and their wedding trip was made to the scene of his \$50,000 deal.

Next week's issue will contain "BILLY, THE BLACKSMITH; or, FROM ANVIL TO FORTUNE."

CURRENT NEWS

DEER DIG UP POTATOES

Game authorities have been notified that deer are destroying crops on the country place of Chester W. Chapin at Lebanon Lake, a few miles from Otisville, New York. Tons of vegetables have been destroyed. It is said the deer can dig a hill of potatoes almost as quickly as a farmhand.

RAISES BIG SWEET POTATO

A last-minute entry in the agricultural exhibits of the country fair was made by the Escondido Chamber of Commerce, a sweet potato weighing 20 pounds, grown by an Indian rancher, J. J. Paublo, on the Bernardo grant, a few miles south of Escondido, California, to the west of the Inland Highway. Paublo says that it was grown without irrigation and with no special care in the way of fertilization or cultivation. "It just grew," says Paublo, "and that's all I know about it."

PLANE SAVES FOREST

Airplane forest patrols in California were able recently to reach the scene of a fire forty-five hours sooner than had they proceeded by train and pack mule, a report to the Army Air Service shows. An aerial observer spotted its blaze in Lassen forest while all foresters were engaged in fighting another fire in the Merced forest. Planes picked up the fire fighters in the Merced zone and rushed them to the Lassen fire.

"In three hours," says the report, "the fire fighting personnel was on the job fighting the flames, whereas, had they proceeded by train and pack mule, forty-eight hours would have been consumed. The day will come when men and equipment will be carried by airships to the scene of fire, both men and equipment dropped by parachute, while the airship will rain down fire extinguishing chemicals from above."

PHONOGRAPH PLAYS AN HOUR AT A TIME

By making records as interchangeable sections fitting on a common mandrel, George W. Bowers, a mechanical and consulting engineer of Boston, has introduced a new phase in phonographic music, says the Scientific American. Whereas the average phonograph does not handle records larger than twelve inches in diameter, with a playing time of four minutes, Mr. Bowers has a phonograph which plays for an hour without a break.

The new phonograph makes use of an exceptionally large mandrel on which records, in the form of large cylinders of narrow width, are placed side by side. The needle or stylus passes over one record and right on to the next without a break, according to the inventor. In this manner the machine can be made to play for one hour, if desired; or, again, it can be adjusted to stop automatically at any pre-determined time or spot.

The tone-arm arrangement of this machine is as ingenious as it is interesting. It permits the

reproducer to cover the entire length of the mandrel without a hitch. The reproducer is arranged to play the hill-and-dale-cut records, which system, in this case, is far simpler to accommodate than would be the lateral-cut system, which predominates in the usual disk records.

GOES FRANKLIN ONE BETTER

The National City Bank, addressing its clients on the subject of the new thrift, improves on the idea of Ben. Franklin that if the pennies are cared for, the pounds will care for themselves. The National City Bulletin declares that safe investment is as necessary as saving.

"Nothing can take the place of intelligent attention," says the Bulletin. "Anyone can repeat after Ben Franklin 'Save, save; take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.' They won't. They will make themselves wings if they are not kept busy making money. It's easy to lose money and just as easy to make it. Thinking prevents one and does the other. We have been taught that to make money is the gift of the few. It is the natural inheritance of the man or woman who will think. When one is really making money and not merely grabbing what someone else makes, he is too busy to waste it."

The rewards of careful thought were never so profitable as at present. Liberty Bonds at present prices give opportunity to put your savings to work so that they will make money, not lose it. They are the safest and best investment in the world for they are backed by the whole credit and wealth of the nation.

PLOT TO BLOW UP ONTARIO PENITENTIARY

A plot to effect the wholesale escape of prisoners in Portsmouth Penitentiary and then blow up the prison with nitro-glycerin was thwarted at Kingston, Ont., Oct 14.

Prison officials, acting on a warning that an attempt would be made to free the convicts, tore down portions of the penitentiary wall and uncovered a store of rifles, shotguns and ammunition, with enough of the explosive to have destroyed the structure.

Authorities who made the discovery declared their belief that the plot was about to be put into execution, prisoners freed, keepers slain and the prison itself blown up.

Although no official account of the conspiracy has been given, it is known that suspicions of the prison authorities recently were aroused. They began an investigation which resulted in laying bare what is declared to be the most daring attempt at jailbreaking ever discovered in Canada.

The investigation which has begun is being centered on discovering what agency succeeded in bringing in the arms and nitro-glycerin. This could not have been effected by inmates of the prison, officials say.

Four convicts, known to be exceptionally dangerous, have been placed in solitary confinement. Several of these previously escaped but were retaken.

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XVIII. (continued)

"By allowancing ourselves, and using some control and pushing on to our main cache, we may be able to reach the coast all right. But that main cache was not originally made by Madge and me. We are now, and will be for some time, using the supplies of others."

Here Hawley's manner grew solemn, even impressive.

"We will owe our lives to the forethought of others, who need these supplies no more—who will never need them more, for they are dead."

"Dead!" cried the others in unison. "How—where? Have others been here before us?"

Though Hawley had explained previously much that had occurred, neither he nor Madge had before alluded to the dead explorers, whom the eruption had disinterred on the glacier near Erebus.

He briefly related their timely escape from the crater of Erebus and the subsequent findings of the bodies of those explorers, together with the brief death diary of James White, and so on.

Here Dr. Carr manifested unusual interest and interposed with:

"I have read of an American Antarctic expedition that came to grief in the fifties of last century. It was commanded by a Captain Wilkes. It is probable that this lieutenant and his ship were a part of that unfortunate cruise in the far south seas."

Rucker here manifested unusual impatience.

"What's the use of talking about dead men, when we are likely soon to be dead ourselves?"

He turned to Hawley fiercely.

"What does this yarn amount to, unless you found their cache of stores? Did you find it?"

"I did and I can deliver the goods."

"But—will you? That's what we want to know."

"You'll not know anything more from me."

Hawley, boiling with anger, turned away to control his rising temper. Rucker glared at the lad, then raising his ice staff, leveled a deadly blow at the young explorer's head.

CHAPTER XIX.

Was Rucker Sincere?

This gave Joy a chance to prove something of the sincerity of his professed friendship to Madge, Joe and Dr. Carr.

He stood nearest, and when Rucker struck, Joy intercepted the descending staff with his own.

The clash of wood and steel made Hawley turn and duck in time to avoid the mate's burly form as the last reeled from the violence of his own effort.

In a trice the boy explorer straightened up. The next instant his fist shot out, catching Rucker's exposed jaw with a crack from Hawley's bare knuckles that felled the big first officer like a bullock in the shambles.

Then the others ran in and pulled the two apart. Shouse was holding up the reviving form of his ally, and shaking his head dubiously.

Rucker, in reviving, saw clearly that the odds were against him, and muttered some excuse for his conduct.

"You know, Shouse," said he afterward, "that we had to kill our pony and the dogs to save ourselves from starvation."

"Sure. We'd a-starved long afore now but for eatin' of our dogs and pony. It's enough to worry any one out of his mind at times."

"I think the best way," said Hawley, "is for us to go on and quit talking. We are hopelessly divided in opinions, I'm afraid."

"It is best, beyond doubt, that we push on back without delay."

This from Carr, who was alarmed at this last outburst of the savage and vindictive Rucker.

"I am sorry for what has occurred," added Hawley. "Hawley has expressed the same sentiments. Let that end it."

Madge had said nothing, but in the order of march she stuck by Joe, who in turn kept Carr and Joy mainly between Rucker and himself. They took turns at pulling the hand sled.

After having to kill the two dogs and their pony, the other party, in their trip around Erebus, had discarded their sleds.

In this manner then they took up the weary march back to the first cache, which Joe pointed out only when they were at last in sight.

When this cache was opened, it was seen that there would be hardly sufficient rations for the increased party to last until the Owl's Head cliff was reached, where Madge and Joe declared more rations would be found. These, of course, were the stores of the dead explorers, so strangely found and sadly buried on the slopes of the then active volcano.

All along Rucker had declared his disbelief in the truth of their discovery. Also he was disinclined to acknowledge that Hawley and the girl had stood on the exact spot where the geographical South Pole was situated.

But at the first cache when Joe unearthed the cumbersome sextant and compass belonging to the unfortunate James White, even Rucker was shaken in his disbelief.

"I will say this," owned the chief mate. "Captain Barclay told me more than once that there was a Commodore White in the Civil War, who got Barclay into the naval academy. I think I heard, too, that Commodore White had a brother, or nephew, or something of that kind, who went with Wilkes to the Antarctic and never came back."

"I don't see why you should doubt Madge and me at all, Mr. Rucker," Hawley was now speaking. "There is no doubt but that we found these dead men, who were frozen in the ice. The same ice that loosed them put into our hands White's diary."

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

POPOCATEPETL IN ERUPTION

The volcano Popocatepetl, twenty-six miles west of the City of Puebla, Mexico, is reported to be in eruption with much steam escaping and deep rumblings, according to despatches from Puebla. There has been no damage as yet, the despatches say, but the population is preparing to flee.

TRAVELLERS SEARCHED FOR SMUGGLED COINS

Stringent measures have been adopted by the Italian Government to prevent contraband leaving this country, especially for Switzerland. Custom guards at frontier posts have been instructed to personally search passengers for Italian coins and to beat boxes and trunks with hammers to ascertain whether they have double bottoms for the concealment of contraband.

Enormous quantities of coins have been smuggled out of Italy in defiance of the Government's decrees.

SHOT SISTER AT HER REQUEST

Johann Strugger, of Constance, Switzerland, formerly a captain in the Austrian army, has been arrested on a charge of murder for shooting and killing his sister at her own request. The sister suffered a fracture of her spine in an Alpine accident last year, knew her illness to be incurable and had repeatedly begged the physicians of a sanitarium of which she was a patient to relieve her of her sufferings by an overdose of morphine.

Strugger delivered an ultimatum to the physicians that if they failed to comply with his sister's wishes within five days he would shoot her himself. This he did with the full consent of the girl.

BLIND VETERAN FAST STENOGRAPHER

As an instance of how disabled ex-service men are overcoming their physical handicaps, Dr. Macnamara, Minister of Labor, related an incident to the Aldwych Club lunchers.

Within a block or two of where he was talking, said Dr. Macnamara, there was a blind man, trained at St. Dunstan's. He was employed as a stenographer.

He was now able to find his way to and from his work unaided. He was writing shorthand by the Braille system at the rate of 100 words a minute, and was operating an ordinary typewriting machine at the rate of 40 words a minute.

How the man did it he (Dr. Macnamara) did not understand, but he sorted and filed his own correspondence. And, when typewriting work was slack, he acted as relief telephone operator and controlled a switchboard of 20 extensions and five direct lines.

HEAVIEST WOMAN DIES IN ENGLAND

Lucy Moore, reputed to be the heaviest woman in the world, has died in Bristol Royal Infirmary, aged 43.

Miss Moore was born in Kentucky, and had

been in the show business for many years. In her prime she weighed 668 pounds.

She had traveled all over the world on exhibition, and was said to have received many offers of marriage.

Her sister, who is of normal proportions, has been in "Chu Chin Chow" from the beginning.

Daniel Lambert, an Englishman famous for his great size, was 5 feet, 11 inches in height and weighed 738 1-2 pounds when he died in 1880. His waistcoat, now in the King's Lynn Museum, measures 102 inches round.

Bright, a grocer of Maldon, in Essex, who died in 1750 at the age of 29, weighed 616 pounds. There is a medical record of a young Frenchman who died at 22 from excessive obesity, weighing 644 pounds.

BIG GERMAN EMIGRATION TO UNITED STATES COMING

Emigration from Germany to the United States will be tremendous if no barrier is raised by the latter country when peace is finally signed, according to reports reaching Dr. Rupert Blue, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, upon whose staff of American doctors is the responsibility of medically examining every emigrant bound for America.

The Germans wish to emigrate, according to Dr. Blue's reports, because of the high cost of living and the heavy taxes that will be levied for many years to come.

Wholesale emigration from Germany to the United States is impossible now because the two countries are still technically at war, but Commissioner Dresel at Berlin is allowed to vise a maximum of twenty-five German passports weekly.

"FLU" EXPERIMENTS ON MONKEYS

Devotees of the theory that man is a remote descendant of the ape family will seize with avidity upon the scientific conclusions of medical authorities that monkeys, like folks, are susceptible to the attacks of influenza. Under the direction of Major F. G. Blake and Major R. L. Cecil, the Army Medical School of Washington, D. C., recently completed tests with 22 monkeys to determine the effects of influenza on the ape family.

The monkeys were inoculated with B. influenzae by swabbing the upper respiratory tract with a culture of the disease germ isolated from a case of influenzal pneumonia which had developed in a man. The virulence of the disease was subsequently raised. The period of incubation embraced from three to six hours.

The experiments indicated that influenza exercised the same influence on monkeys as on the human family with respect to its behavior, symptoms, complications and pathology. The medical directors described the action as "an acute self-limited respiratory disease identical with influenza in man." Similar results were obtained when pursuing a different method of inoculation, intratracheally, with the exception that one monkey evidenced no signs of infection.

A GYPSY QUEEN

By Alexander Armstrong.

"Come, one more glass, and pledge me ere I go. Maiden with the earnest eyes, heaven send thee blessings now and hereafter. I may not tarry here, else fain would I linger a while longer beside thee. Ho, quick!—another bottle!"

So spoke Count Viado, the Viennese, leaning over the rude table as he spoke, and tenderly regarding a young girl, whose downcast eyes and blushing cheeks proved her to be by no means unconscious of the admiration she inspired.

"You are most kind," she said, "and I will not refuse to pledge you, since you wish it. Yet I would bid you be on your guard. The roads are lonely, and——"

He stopped her with a laugh.

"Nay, have no fear for me. I have been in lonelier places, yet never had traveler so fair and so gracious a guide as I."

The wine was brought, and the count resumed:

"'Twas good fortune that sent you to guide me hither. May I ask your name?"

"Ismena."

The count surveyed her.

"A pretty name," he said, "and one that well suits the bearer of it. Now for my toast."

He poured the wine out, raised the glass to his lips, and passed it on to her.

She lifted it, then hesitated.

"You have not given me your name. Who shall I pledge?" she said.

"Men call me Count Viado," he answered, smiling at the start she gave.

"Count—Count Viado! Oh, had I known your rank I would not have spoken so freely."

"Tut, tut, fair Ismena. You have been most kind to me, and the hour I have been in your company is one I shall remember to the last day of my life."

The young man's eyes kindled, and his cheek flushed.

"As for my rank," he continued, "what is mine or any man's rank compared with beauty and virtue?"

And raising his hat he bowed.

"If you will pardon my curiosity I would inquire concerning your kindred and friends, and how it is that I meet so young and fair a maiden far away from her home?"

Simple as was the question it seemed to embarrass Ismena.

"Count," she faltered, "I—I——"

"No more," he interrupted. "I have no right to question you, and am justly rebuked for my presumption. Forgive me, and farewell."

He took her hand, and raised it respectfully to his lips.

In another moment he was gone.

She stood watching him till his figure disappeared among the trees.

Then a change came over her.

She shuddered, and sinking down on the bench, covered her face with her hands.

"He asked me of my home, my kindred," she murmured, "and I dare not answer, miserable

coward that I am. Could I tell him that I am a gipsy, that the men of the tribe are such——"

A footstep startled her.

It was the landlord.

She arose and stole off in the opposite direction.

Count Viado was thinking of her.

Never in his life had any woman made such an impression on him as this simple girl had done.

"Am I going to make a fool of myself after all?" thought the count. "I, with my thirty years of life and the experience which has made me even older—I, to fall in love with a peasant's daughter. Ridiculous!"

Count Viado laughed, and pursued his way.

Suddenly he paused.

He was now in a lonely part of the wood, the track which he had hitherto followed was no longer visible.

"This is pleasant," mused the count. "I do believe I've lost my way for the second time. My friend won't get me to pay him a visit at his country house again in a hurry. Ismena is not here now to help me out of this quandary. What is to be done?"

The situation was awkward, to say the least of it.

He went on a little further, and stopped again. Still the same loneliness, the same silence.

The white outline of a tent in a kind of dell below met his gaze.

He cautiously approached it.

Hurrying on, Count Viado was brought suddenly to a halt at the sight of a man cawling on the grass with a pail of water beside him.

He was a good-looking fellow enough, and wore a battered felt hat.

He scanned the count narrowly.

"My friend," said the count. "I have missed my way. Will you show me through the wood?"

Viado took his purse from his pocket.

It was neither large nor particularly well filled, but as the fellow's gaze rested on it, the demon of cupidity leaped to his eyes and then vanished.

"I will pay you well, my friend," continued the count.

The man nodded.

Not a word passed his lips.

But he gave a loud, shrill whistle, and springing to his feet, hurled himself on Viado, and knocked the purse from his hand; a number of men appeared.

So sudden and unexpected was the attack that the count was taken by surprise.

But he quickly recovered himself, and dealt one of the ruffians a blow under the ear, which sent him staggering back against a tree.

He had no time to secure his purse.

He set his foot firmly on it, and drawing his sword, prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible.

Slowly, cautiously, the first man crept up to him till within reach of his sword.

Viado made a sudden and fierce lunge at the fellow's chest.

It was a fatal movement, for as the ruffian nimbly dodged aside to avoid the thrust, the count's foot slipped, and he stumbled heavily to the ground.

The men gave a yell, and precipitated themselves upon him.

Ere one of their deadly blades could harm him, Viado rose on one knee, and supporting himself on one hand, made a desperate lunge at the breast of his nearest assailant.

The man recoiled.

At that moment there sprang between him and his assailants the slim and graceful figure of a woman.

It was Ismena.

She had doffed her mantle and her arms were bare.

The sunlight glistened on the bracelets that circled her wrists.

She spoke quick, hurried words in an unknown tongue, which seemed half entreaty and half threats.

The count sprang up quickly and stood ready to renew the combat.

But the men made no attempt to molest him.

As Ismena ceased speaking they turned, and plunging into the recesses of the wood, were lost to view.

Viado and his preserver were alone together.

"You have saved my life," said the former gratefully.

He held out his hand, but instead of taking it, the girl retreated a step, and looked sorrowfully into his face.

"Listen to me, count," she said. "When you asked me who were my kindred and friends, I was ashamed to answer you. Now I tell you; they are these men who have just left us."

"Don't misunderstand me," resumed Ismena. "My father was the chief of a tribe of gypsies, but those men who attacked you have one of the virtues of our race, and are only gypsies in name. Such as they are, however, the respect they paid to him in his lifetime has happily descended to me. Otherwise I dared not have interfered with them as I did just now."

"Why vex yourself by telling me this?" urged Viado. "I see the recital pains you, and you may be sure I see enough to make me respect and honor you."

"I must not keep you here, lest another danger threaten you," she said hurriedly. "There may be others lurking in the wood for all I know, and——"

She stopped.

"I may not accompany you," she continued. "I can bid you depart, and be on your guard."

She left him as suddenly as she had appeared, and he was once more alone.

The count sheathed his sword and resumed his journey.

His second meeting with Ismena had given him matter for serious thought.

Should they haply meet again he would let her know how much he honored and—loved her!

Ay, it had come to that.

Fair as was his worldly prospects, he felt that he would barter them all for one smile from the gypsy chief's beautiful daughter.

Absorbed in such reflections as these the count was pursuing his way, when happening to look back, he saw the figures of three men.

As far as he could make out, they were the same three who had attacked him.

He continued to walk on without quickening his pace.

It was not the first occasion that he had encountered more terrible foes than these.

The doubt that disturbed him was whether these men might not have other comrades at hand.

He could not fight a crowd.

Not till he had traveled some distance further did he venture to look back at them once more.

The men had broken into a run and were close upon him.

He knew the worst now.

Every man must die once, let him die then as a soldier should, sword in hand.

To prevent them from attacking him in the rear, Viado sprang toward a building a short distance off.

It was one of the huts used by the charcoal burners of the district.

There were no windows, and the door, though rough, was strong.

The count loosened his sword in its scabbard, and entering the hut, closed the door behind him.

He drew his sword, and holding the door to with his foot, awaited the attack.

In a few moments the men came up to the hut, and one of them called on him to surrender.

There was no reply.

The man tried the door.

A single touch showed him that it was not fastened.

He whispered to his comrades, and then plunged his arm boldly into the crevice and tried to drag it open.

Something bright and keen flashed in the air. And the man reeled back with his arm gashed to the bone.

The sight of their comrade's mishap maddened the gypsies.

They uttered fierce cries of rage, and hurled themselves at the door, which yielded.

The sharp crack of a pistol rang out above their shout of triumph, and one of the men staggered forward, and fell heavily on his face.

Then as the others turned and fled, Viado sprang from the hut, and caught Ismena in his arms.

"Saved!" she cried, dropping the now useless pistol. "I feared for you after you had left me, and I followed you, and——"

"We will never part more," interrupted Viado, drawing her to his bosom. "My life henceforth is yours; my love you have had from the first moment we met. Shall it be yes, sweet one?"

And it was yes.

RATS AND HOGS HAVE OWN WAY

Because the wholesale hardware concerns are unable to supply the retail trade with rat traps and hog snout rings rodents are overrunning the premises of many people in Waterloo, La., and in the country, and hogs are throwing up great embankments in their lots by their rooting. All the wire traps in reserve have long since been sold and new shipments have been weeks in transit. In the meantime the rats are multiplying and the hogs root more enthusiastically than ever.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1920.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

DISCOVERS A PAINT MINE

Prospectors who had been digging vainly for gold on Mullet Island in the Salton Sea of Southern California have just discovered that the highly colored mud around the island consists of valuable mineral pigments, from which paints of many colors can be made.

SOUTH AMERICAN GAUCHOS BUYING U. S. "COWBOY CLOTHES"

South America has got acquainted with the Middle West and the gauchos of the pampas have begun to order "cowboy clothes" from Chicago mail order houses, according to Ed Lewisohn, a "business scout" of a Chicago implement concern. He has just arrived from a tour of investigation of Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Chile and several other Latin-American countries.

PER CAPITA WEALTH OF U. S. FIXED AT \$51.06

Distribution of the money in the country outside of the amount held in the Treasury and Federal system was estimated at \$51.06 per capita on September 1, or an increase of \$13.18 over July 1, 1917, by the Federal Reserve Board recently in its monthly bulletin.

The board put the general stock of money in the country on September 1 at \$7,997,080,820, the amount held in the Treasury at \$485,884,277, the amount held by Federal Reserve Banks at \$2,031,514,938 and the amount held outside these Government agencies at \$5,479,681,605.

COLLEGE OWNS FOREST

Berea College, at the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, in Kentucky, has the unique distinction of owning two mountains, 4,000 acres of forest, its own sawmill, but never cutting a sound tree, writes Marie Dickore in the American Forestry Magazine. This wood is used for the college, for power, for heat and in the many cozy fireplaces in the dormitories and in the great open fireplace which delights every traveler who stops at Boone Tavern.

The sawmill, as well as the 4,000 acres of forest reserve, provides not only ample practical experience for the students, but also actual labor for those students who work for their education. The sawmill is operated by steam, and, like every other industry at Berea College, is run by students, who work at least two consecutive hours per day under the supervision of a superintendent of labor, who in turn is responsible to the Dean of Labor.

Students at Berea are given the opportunity to earn their expenses, and they may select the work, which is paid for at the regular rates according to the student's ability and efficiency. As every student in the college must work the minimum of two hours per day, suitable occupation must be provided by the Dean of Labor, and in the Forestry Department the students are very happy patrolling the forest, marking the dead timber, hauling the fallen timber to the sawmill, cutting it there for the required lengths, and then hauling the logs to wherever needed on the campus. No sound timber is cut, as there is enough of the other to supply all needs.

LAUGHS

He—I could waltz to Heaven with you, sweetheart. She—But I don't want to waltz to Heaven. He—Let us reverse then, dear.

Wife—Do you know, I think we ought to keep a diary? Husband—If we put in all the fights we have, it will look like a scrap book.

Gabber—You ought to meet Smith. Awfully clever imitator. He can take off anybody. Tottie (wearily)—I wish he were here now.

The Poet—What misery, still unrecognized. Where can I find sympathy? Unsympathetic Friend—In the dictionary, under the letter S.

Waiter (in cheap restaurant)—"Scrambled eggs are fifteen cents and omelet is twenty cents." Guest—"What is the difference?" Waiter (yawning)—"Five cents."

Mother—I gave you a nickel yesterday to be good, and to-day you are just as bad as you can be. Willie—Yes, ma; I'm trying to show you that you got your money's worth yesterday.

Little Bob (just started to school)—Uncle Harry, what is the bird with the biggest bill? Uncle Harry (who is still thinking of the night before)—A quail, my boy, a quail—on toast.

Jinks—Your dog bit my mother-in-law yesterday. Binks—Well, I suppose you have come to collect damages. How much do you want? Jinks Nothing. I've come to buy the dog.

Maude—Aunt Mary has a lock of George Washington's hair. It has been in our family ever since the Revolutionary war. Clara—Indeed! I wasn't aware that one of your ancestors was a barber.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

AGED INDIAN

John Smith, 133-year-old Chippewa Indian, arrived in Minneapolis recently with his adopted son, Tom Smith, to attend the State fair. John has become blind since his last visit to Minneapolis a year ago. His health is still good, however, he maintains. He is said to be the oldest living Indian.

"I don't see any more, but I still like to travel," the old Indian said. With him he brought his blanket, upon which he sleeps, never having slept on a bed.

JERKED BEEF

Jerked beef is beef preserved by drying in the sun. The cattle are slaughtered when in good condition, and the fleshy parts are neatly sliced off in such a manner as to resemble a succession of skins taken from the same animal. These sheets of flesh, which are seldom more than an inch in thickness, are at once exposed to the sun, and dry before decomposition commences. In this state they can be preserved even for a year or more. The beef is sometimes dipped into brine or rubbed with salt before being dried in the sunlight. Chili is said to have been the first country where beef was thus dried, and in that region it is called *chiqui*, which in time became corrupted to "jerked."

WARSHIP TONNAGE OF THE WORLD

In a statement made by Rear Admiral Albert P. Niblack, Director of Naval Intelligence, before a Committee of Naval Affairs, the warship tonnage of the principal naval powers on July 1st, 1919, was as follows: The vessels completed in total tons were, for Great Britain, 2,652,130; the United States, 1,160,355 tons; France, 622,850 tons; Japan, 580,716 tons, and Italy, 454,213 tons. The total tonnage of ships building was for Great Britain, 246,650 tons; for the United States, 995,313 tons; for France, 247,050 tons; for Japan, 267,250 tons, and for Italy, 147,250 tons. These figures for ships built must be reduced for Great Britain by several hundred thousand tons, for the 150 vessels, including pre-dreadnoughts which have been stricken from the list. Similar deductions on a smaller scale should be made for the other powers.

FACTS ABOUT LODESTONES

Strange stories have been told about the lodestone, and there are many persons who firmly believe that it confers attractive qualities upon those who wear it. A lodestone is, of course, only a piece of magnetic iron ore.

Eugene S. Todd, writing of lodestones in the *Electrical Experimenter*, says he knows a famous actress who refuses to go on the stage without a lodestone somewhere about her. She says it makes her more magnetic and that she controls her audience with more ease, thus receiv-

ing more applause, which incidentally increases her salary.

There is an old saying in Sweden (where the lodestone is found), "Wear a lodestone over your heart and it will insure you heart's desire; place it under your pillow at night and your dreams will come true."

Mr. Todd recalls the tale of the "lodestone mountains" in the Arabian Nights. A vessel was drawn toward it until when quite near all the spikes and nails were drawn from the ship and she fell apart—a total wreck, all the metal (iron or steel) parts of the ship flying toward the mountains and the ship itself sinking to the bottom.

In Sweden (the most powerful lodestones came from Sweden), they tell how hunters have been unable to pick their guns from the ground, after laying them down near lodestones. They also tell of cases where the person's shoes had to be removed, owing to the nails in their soles, which held them fast.

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GOOD READING

BOY OF 12 A PRODIGY

Edward Rochie Hardy, jr., twelve years old, son of Prof. and Mrs. Edward R. Hardy of No. 418 West 118th street, New York, who is attending Columbia University, is the youngest freshman to matriculate at an American college since William J. Sidis entered Tufts in 1909 at the age of ten and the youngest ever admitted to Columbia.

Among Edward's antecedents were a college president and a New England Governor. His father is a professor at New York University, and his mother has taken three degrees. Harvard made a bid for Edward, and Prof. Hardy favored Harvard, while Mrs. Hardy preferred New York University. Edward himself decided on Columbia.

The boy entered school at three, and at eight was in high school, from which he was graduated at eleven. He speaks twelve languages and is going to learn Chinese next. Notwithstanding his achievements, he is a regular American boy, who likes to talk batting averages and play the usual strenuous games. He weighs 143 pounds, is five feet three inches in height, and never studies at night. He has never been sick.

He was President of his class and editor of his school paper at eleven. The reason he is going to study Chinese is that he wants to be a missionary in the Orient.

In spite of the fact that Edward speaks almost all the languages there are and can lecture learnedly on the fourth dimension and similar abstruse subjects, he is a wholesome American boy with a fondness for the game of marbles when played for keeps. He likes to swim and exercise in the gymnasium, and, according to his mother, is perfectly normal in appetite, habits, pleasures and amusements.

He entered the university with a rating of second place in the efficiency examination and with four points in a variety of subjects; he reads Babylonian tablets; he made three points in Assyrian; he matriculated at New York University in the summer session class at the age of five.

The prodigy has never been ill in his life. It was nothing of a tax on his mentality to take fourth, fifth and sixth grades in high school in one year and to lump the seventh, eighth and ninth in the same way. He has already been picked as a subject for a school of journalism thesis.

PASSING OF THE WAR DRUM

The drums and drummer boys, who for so many campaigns were the objects of much sentiment, are gone. Where not so very many years ago the rattling snare drums sounded the retreat and the charges, now the bugle, with its more penetrating and commanding voice, rules the field. As battles became larger and wider in their scope it was found that drums could not be heard above the roar of the battle to any distance, and consequently they were given up.

The little drummer boy was the most touching

figure in the wars in which he took part. Chosen for his diminutive stature, he frequently was of tender years, and always in the fiction of war he was pictured as a sweet faced cherub, wounded terribly, but beating the charge to the last. While this aspect of the appeal to sentiment became so common as to appear ridiculous, it originally sprang from a true premise. The little drummer boys, almost without exception, were brave little fellows. Many a gallant youth did give his life and many a heroic deed was performed by the little salamanders.

They were the favorites of the men and the pets of the regiment; nothing was too good for them, and on wet or cold nights they never suffered for warmth. If they sank to sleep unblanketed some powerful trooper was sure to spread over them his own covering.

The most thrilling tales of the little drummers come from Napoleon's campaigns.

On the retreat from Russia, when grown men died by the hundreds from the ravages of the cold and the Cossacks, a goodly number of drums were strung along back of the gruesome path of the fleeing Frenchmen. In the rear guard, which was commanded by the gallant Marshal Ney, was a chipper drummer boy of about 12 years. The constant fighting and burden of keeping the human wolves off the rear of the army was terrific, and only the inspired drumming of the boy and his childish "Long live France!" saved them from succumbing time after time.

During a brave stand, or when Ney halted his men and turned back upon their tormentors, young France would sound the charge with such a shattering roll of enthusiasm that the grenadiers waded back through the snow and scattered the Cossacks like chaff. Turning to flee to the refuge of the main body, some stalwart would throw the boy astride of his shoulders and bear him off the field.

From this point of vantage the drummer would beat the retreat and shout back street gamin epithets at the Russians. When they came to a river he was not at a loss for crossing. Simply mounting his drum and paddling, he went across in comfort.

French archives are full of such heroism, and the drummer boys became the most popular and feted members of the French army, barring, of course, the Marshals.

Our civil war too saw the drummer boy, but he was passing even them. Toward the last of the conflict he had begun to go out. The bugle did the business better, and so the boy heroes had to go.

Men who have marched and charged to the cheering music of brass bands and to the silver notes of the bugle say that nothing can touch for inspiration the old time drum. They say that when the rhythm, the volume and the thrill of the rattling drum once permeated the blood of the old soldiers they were practically invincible and that with such martial incentive to inspire them they would walk straight into the mouths of guns.

STRANGE MIR- AGE ON THE SIDEWALK


A curious case of sidewalk mirage is described by Prof. F. W. McNair of Michigan College of Mining. Prof. McNair writes in Science:

"I was walking eastward on a cement sidewalk on a street running nearly east and west, and moving up a moderate grade which joins a nearly level stretch of walk. On reaching a point which brought my eye slightly above the level portion, and at which normally the level stretch would have been seen in its entire length, but much foreshortened, I observed instead what appeared to be a stretch of clear dark water covering the entire width of the walk and brilliantly reflecting moving persons and other objects in sight beyond it.

"The sky was clear. There was a moderate breeze. The angle of observation was very small, probably not above three degrees. A step or two either east or west, and the water was gone, but within the proper limits, the illusion was definite and continuing. The Weather Bureau report for the day indicates that approximately thirty feet above the spot where the mirage was observed the air temperature was about 60 degrees F. and the humidity about 63 degrees.

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Ward Pub. Co., Tilton, N. H.

WATER FOWL A PEST IN TEXAS

Wild ducks, brant and geese were a pest upon some of the farms of the South Plains region of West Texas last fall and winter. They swarmed into the maize fields literally by the millions and destroyed a big part of the crop. This visitation promises to be repeated this year, and so the farmers are arranging to harvest their grain and get it stored early.

So well pleased were many of the wild ducks with this part of the country that thousands of them remained over and nested in the tall grass and sage weeds that border the ponds and lakes and brought forth large broods. Many of them were captured and domesticated. In other instances settings of wild duck eggs were placed under chicken hens and hatched. But most of the ducklings heard the "call of the wild" and flew away.

It is regarded as somewhat remarkable that wild ducks should have adopted this far inland region as breeding grounds. It is nearly 600 miles from the Gulf, where the wild water fowl have heretofore been making their annual migration. It was only a few years ago that wild ducks began coming to the ponds and lakes of this section in large numbers.

GAVE UP PROPERTY AT "SPIRITS" CALL

Making the astonishing charge that through spiritualistic messages, alleged to come from the late Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, he was induced to turn over \$62,000 to Mrs. Mabelle Rawson Hiron, Dr. James B. Hubbell has instituted legal action for the return of his property. The plaintiff was secretary to Miss Barton for thirty years, and the defendant his life-long friend.

In his bill of complaint, filed in the Montgomery Court, at Rockville, Md., Dr. Hubbell asserts that, when Miss Barton died in 1912, he owned real estate valued at \$50,000, costly household furniture and a claim for \$5,000 against the town of Glen Echo, as well as other property. It was his cherished hope, he said, to establish a memorial for Miss Barton.

Mrs. Hiron, the plaintiff alleges, visited him in May, 1914, and expressed great interest in his project. On this occasion, Dr. Hubbell states, the defendant simulated a trance, during which she pretended to be in communication with the spirit of the deceased founder of the Red Cross.

According to the complaint, Mrs. Hiron alleged that Miss Barton directed her to tell Dr. Hubbell she (the defendant) had come to help carry out his plan, and that he should turn over all his property to her.

Dr. Hubbell, the petition states, was much affected, and, believing that it was possible for departed spirits to communicate with their earthly friends through certain persons known as mediums, conveyed the real estate to Mr. Hiron, together with \$4,500 he had received under Miss Barton's will, \$2,000 he borrowed from relatives, and \$4,100 in Glen Echo bonds, all of which were to be used in furtherance of the memorial.

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